

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 86, Vol. 3.

June 20, 1857.

PRICE 5d.
Stamped 6d.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The circulation of the SATURDAY REVIEW has increased so largely as to render it impossible to carry on the publication any longer on the premises of Messrs. JOHN W. PARKER AND SON. Those gentlemen, to whom the best thanks of the Proprietors are due for their exertions in promoting the interests of the REVIEW, have now discontinued their connexion with it; and a new Office has been established at No. 39, Southampton-street, Strand, to which the Proprietors request that all Advertisements and Communications may henceforth be addressed.

As many applications have been made for the entire series of the REVIEW from its commencement, it may be convenient to state that the Numbers of which the impression is exhausted will be shortly reprinted. A few bound copies of Volumes I. and II. will also be prepared; and it is requested that persons desirous of obtaining them will intimate their wish without delay to the Publisher, at the new Office.

THE JEW DEBATE.

SOMETIMES we persuade ourselves that a good voice and energy of manner have an effect on the House of Commons which a mere newspaper-reader cannot properly appreciate. Occasionally we are tempted to believe that in a deliberative assembly, protected by a differential duty of some thousands a-year, the commodity of eloquence is really of very inferior quality. But, whatever be the explanation, our legislators do from time to time applaud to the echo speeches which are positively detestable. Was there ever such an exhibition of execrable taste as Mr. WHITESIDE's successful oration of Monday? Certainly we have seen the like before. As we read it, the vision rises before us of a youthful rhetorician in a gown, with a suspicious pile of notes before him, haranguing a beardless audience on the character of WILLIAM III. or the expediency of re-establishing Monastic Institutions—going somewhat haltingly over the level and argumentative passages of his address, but running into amazing glibness when he comes to the tropes, the invective, or the peroration. Mr. WHITESIDE would have been received with a storm of cheering at the Oxford or Cambridge Union; but we could have sworn that there was not another audience in Europe which would not have found him insufferable. It would be difficult to say which had most of the undergraduate flavour—the metaphors or the argument. The latter consisted in vehement assertions that Christianity is part of the Common Law, and in broad insinuations that, if the ATTORNEY-GENERAL did his duty, he would prosecute the Jews for not being Christians. Among other singularities of this position, it has the oddity of being downright anti-Protestant. The Common Law is not only Christian, but Popish; and if it be wicked to modify any of its original characteristics by legislation, the Reformation was a gross iniquity, for the whole Protestantism of Great Britain rests upon statute-law. But, for fertility and absurdity, Mr. WHITESIDE's rhetoric carries away the palm from his reasoning. It is true that he could hardly do worse than Sir FREDERIC THESIGER, who ventured on the astounding remark that the famous passage in the oath—"on the true faith of a Christian"—was the *wedding-garment*, which showed that members of Parliament were fit for the Speaker's presence. Still, even this incredible metaphor was scarcely an excuse for such a sentence as the following:—"The argument against the Jew was that he resisted the lessons which the wisdom of NEWTON, of PASCAL, and of LOCKE inculcated; that he was untaught by the divine song that MILTON sang; and that though the sun was darkened, though the earth quaked, and the graves gave back their

dead to testify to the Creator's triumph, yet, unlike the Centurion of old, Baron ROTHSCHILD would not believe." Does Mr. WHITESIDE imagine Baron ROTHSCHILD to be the Wandering Jew? Or, if not, what is the meaning of those concluding words? And is it possible that there is any man living who does not see the danger of resting the defence of the Christian faith on its reception by any class of intellects, though they should be of the very highest order. PASCAL, NEWTON, and LOCKE were great men, and Christians; but there have been great men who unfortunately were not Christians. Suppose a Jew were to retort that it was hard he should be expected to listen to reasoning which had failed to convince a HUME, a VOLTAIRE, and a GIBBON? The argument, though perfectly stupid, would be unanswerable on the assumptions of Mr. WHITESIDE.

The great features of the debate were the immense majority at its close, and the recantation of his former opinions by Sir JOHN PAKINGTON. The arguments against the enfranchisement of the Jews have the peculiarity of being not simply untenable, but so very bad that they gradually repel to the other side every sensible and honourable man who is obliged to use them. Sir JOHN carries over with him the last remnant of statesmanship which remained with the Exclusionists, and the final result of this obstinate contest is that not a single politician fitted for a Cabinet office opposes the Jew Bill. This consideration is of importance for its effect on the House of Lords. The Peers will no doubt hold out as long as they can, not because they care much about keeping Baron ROTHSCHILD out of Parliament, but because the annual rejection of the Jew Bill has become a mode of showing that they still exist as a separate branch of the Legislature. But they have quite patriotism enough to feel the full force of the old question—"How is the Queen's Government to be carried on?" and, if Lord PALMERSTON only lets it be understood that the Exclusionists, if they succeed in the House of Lords, must take the responsibility of forming an Administration, the Bill will certainly become law this Session. Of course such an intimation might be made without a shadow of risk; but any crisis, however formidable, would be worth facing in order to secure the settlement of this question. Its abeyance is obviously beginning to produce a crop of the most dangerous and demoralizing controversies which can perplex a national society. The movement of the Roman Catholics indicates that the whole casuistry of swearing is about to come upon the carpet. Now, the state of the Parliamentary oaths is shortly this. Protestant members, who believe that the POPE has no lawful authority either spiritual or temporal, are compelled to repudiate the authority in which they do not believe. Roman Catholic members, who hold that the POPE has spiritual authority, and whom we might therefore justifiably ask to swear that this authority does not extend to matters temporal, are excused from all oaths on the subject of the Papal power. The Protestant swears "on the true faith of a Christian," and this excludes the Jew. But the Roman Catholic does not pledge himself in those words, and therefore the Jew by simply demanding the Roman Catholic oath, might get into Parliament at any moment.

The Roman Catholics have done wisely in not as yet making themselves accomplices in the policy of exclusion. That they have a real grievance is unquestionable. Not, indeed, that they have any one but themselves to thank for being placed in a situation which, in one sense, is lower than that proposed for the Jews. We do not wish to revert to old grudges, yet the Roman Catholics cannot but see that the reason of this legislative anomaly is that they are strong, and pretend to be much stronger than they really are; while the Jews are a feeble folk, and do not affect to be anything else. If the Roman Catholics insist on having the luxury

of active propagandism—if they persevere in their extravagant exaggerations of their success in proselytizing—if they choose to continue leaning ostentatiously on that great league between despotism and their spiritual head which has prostrated the Continent—they must expect to have exceptional difficulties in getting the benefit of the equality of sects in a society which, whatever be the revolutions of civil government or religious faith it may undergo, will never, to the end of time, look tenderly on Pope or tyrant. If, therefore, the conditions of their admission to Parliament were merely different from those appointed for the Jews, we should scarcely sympathize with a grievance which has the air of a compliment. But the Legislature is not justified in burdening any man's conscience; and no one, except those who put the harshest interpretation on the Roman Catholic oath for the purpose of contending that their religious antagonists habitually perjure themselves, will deny that it involves those who take it in heavy casuistical perplexities. The Roman Catholic swears that he will not avail himself of his legislative functions to injure the Church of England; but men who have not yet arrived at middle age can remember half a dozen changes of general opinion on the subject of injury to the Church of England. The Protestant, in fact, imposes on the Roman Catholic, for his own security, an oath which he himself construes differently from one year to another. There is not, accordingly, a single session in which a difficult case of conscience does not occur. Who, for example, will undertake to pronounce dogmatically whether a Roman Catholic was or was not justified in voting last year on the Bill for enabling the Bishops of LONDON and DURHAM to retire? We cannot, therefore, take upon ourselves to condemn the Roman Catholic agitation for the alteration of this oath. But we do say that it would be suicidal policy to oppose the Jew Bill, because a clause modifying the oath cannot be engrafted on it. Though it should confer no immediate advantage on the Roman Catholics, Jewish Enfranchisement is still another root struck in by religious liberty, and one step forward towards that era of religious peace at which even a Roman Catholic grievance will command respectful consideration.

BELGIUM.

THE Belgian difficulty seems for the present to be, if not solved, at least adjourned. The Bill on the subject of Charitable Institutions, which has created so great a popular ferment, is, according to Parliamentary phraseology, to be read this day six months. The history of the transaction, and the manner in which it has been dealt with, afford an instructive lesson in the history of Constitutional Government. In England, of course, popular sympathy is enlisted against the Catholic party in Belgium. We are very apt to claim for the minority in a foreign country the same power which is exercised among ourselves by a Protestant majority. Nothing is more remarkable than the one-sided and illogical manner in which persons professing liberal opinions habitually regard the working of Constitutional Government, when it does not happen to range itself on the side of their own particular views. Being so accustomed to Protestant predominance in the British Parliament, they hardly condescend to consider that it is not very unnatural if, in the representative body of a Catholic population, the situation of affairs should be exactly reversed. After all, if representative government is good for anything, it must be on the assumption that a nation will govern itself according to its own notions, and not according to those of other people. It may or may not be a good thing to scold the Belgians for being Catholics and not Protestants; but as long as they choose to be what they are, it is idle to rail at their Parliament for reflecting the sentiments of the people.

The history of the present complication is simple enough. When the great Absolutist reaction had set in on the Continent of Europe after the Revolutionary movement of 1848, the interference of the "party of Order" was checked by the KING, with the same wisdom and moderation by which he had curbed the violence of the Revolutionary faction. Seldom has a Sovereign had so difficult a game to play as that which has fallen to the lot of LEOPOLD since the day when the little experimental kingdom of Belgium was planted in the equivocal and perilous position which it occupies on the map of Europe. Cold-shouldered by the Powers of Germany, to whom its free institutions and *parvenu* rank are incurably obnoxious, Belgium is watched by

France with the same solicitude which was felt by the late Emperor of RUSSIA for the feeble health of his invalid neighbour at Constantinople. Never did a difficult game fall into the hands of a more prudent and dexterous player than LEOPOLD, who is fairly entitled to make the appeal contained in his recent manifesto to the twenty-six years of public service which he has rendered to Belgium.

On this occasion it must be admitted that the leaders of the Parliamentary majority—or, at least, the more respectable portion of them—have wisely and patriotically seconded the constitutional policy of the KING. The existing Government of Belgium, which belongs to the party of "the Right," was originally constituted by a combination of the two political sections of the Conservative party—the one consisting of the more moderate and sagacious politicians, the other of the extreme and violent partisans of Ultramontane opinions. Unfortunately, the influence of the priests over the constituencies has given to this latter section an increased and increasing predominance both in Parliament and in the Administration. The Bill which has caused the recent disturbances was, in fact, the triumph of the *parti prêtre* over the moderate section of the Right. The Liberals are—not very logically, but perhaps not unnaturally—indignant at this legitimate consequence of the low level to which the Belgian suffrage has been reduced. In the large towns, which are peopled with an intelligent manufacturing population, the doctrines of the Ultramontane party are detested, and every scheme which is even suspected of a sacerdotal taint is regarded with suspicion and dislike. But the case is very different with the rural population. Among them the authority of the priesthood reigns supreme, and nowhere is that authority exercised with a more unscrupulous zeal for the furtherance of the political interests of the Church. Whatever may be thought of the methods by which their power is acquired, the predominance of the *parti prêtre* in the constituencies is a fact which no one disputes.

To have dissolved the Chambers in the existing state of public feeling would have only been to enormously aggravate the evil. The course which has been adopted has been to adjourn the Parliament, so as to give a breathing time in which the exasperation of the rival parties may subside. After the breaking out of the late disturbances in the great cities of Belgium, the members of the majority held a meeting to take into consideration the policy which they should pursue. Of course, the true Ultramontanists, whose political system in every part of the world seems to be distinguished by a cynical contempt and disregard for the interests of their country, insisted on pressing to extremities a policy which would probably have ended in civil war and foreign invasion. Fortunately, however, the larger and more respectable section of the Conservative party took a wiser and more patriotic view of the situation. They have had the prudence and self-control to respect the sentiments, and even it may be the prejudices, of the minority. Accordingly, the Administration, which introduced the Charitable Institutions Bill, has advised the KING to adjourn the sitting of the Chambers, and has intimated its intention of finally abandoning the measure.

It is not unnatural that a course at once wise, moderate, and patriotic, should have given dire offence to the *parti prêtre* both in Belgium and France, who hold in very little esteem qualities of which they are wholly destitute. The *Univers* sees in this statesmanlike compromise the degradation of Representative institutions. And that flunkey of despotism, M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC, sings a song of triumph, in another interest, over what he is pleased to term the feebleness of Parliaments. We confess that the moral which we draw from the transaction is exactly the opposite of that at which these publicists have arrived. The Belgian majority, in the abstinence which they have exercised from putting into force the power which they possess, have exhibited an example of public virtue of which Absolute Governments offer no example. And the manner in which the question has been dealt with shows that a free Government is that which is best calculated to deal with the most perplexing of all political problems—the protection of the interests of the minority.

Whether the Belgian priesthood will have the good sense and patriotism to allow the breach to heal, so as to consolidate the reconciliation which it is the object of the armistice to effect, may well be doubted. Everything seems to indicate that in Belgium, as elsewhere, those gentlemen whose allegiance to Rome seems to extinguish all other sympathies and supplant all other duties, are resolved to prolong the agitation which they have provoked. Their power

is unquestionably formidable, and the influence which they exercise over the lower and less intelligent classes is all but predominant. The misfortune of Belgium is, that it is into the hands of this class that the very low standard of the suffrage has thrown the greatest weight in the political scale. It would be well for Liberal politicians to take a hint from what is passing abroad, and to reflect whether their pet panacea of a merely reduced franchise is the most certain method of ensuring the triumph of the principles which they profess. Perhaps they may see reason to doubt whether the practical working of their theory does not, in fact, produce results exactly the opposite of those which they desire, by throwing into the hands of the ignorant and superstitious a power which will always, in reality, be wielded by subtle and designing men for the furtherance of their own ends.

NINE HOURS IN THE COMMONS.

ONE night last week, the House of Commons got into a confusion so inextricable, became so thoroughly puzzled, and so completely defied the control of any acknowledged authority, that it had to break up and go home to bed, from sheer inability to discover any way of escape from the difficulties in which it was plunged. It sat for nine hours, without any result, except the badgering of two subordinate members of the Government, and several sharp skirmishes between second-rate speakers. Different causes probably united to produce this unfortunate result. The Parliament is new, and does not as yet know its work. There is no Minister who can effectually control it in the discussion of domestic subjects; for, patiently and reverently as it listens to the PREMIER when he is on the ground of foreign affairs, it distrusts his lead in the details of home policy. Then, again, it is in the nature of Englishmen to undergo strange fits of waywardness, and Parliament may be expected to exhibit occasional outbursts of the national humour. But the chief cause of the imbroglia undoubtedly lay in the nature of the subject with which the House was dealing. The Civil Service Estimates are composed of items so miscellaneous—they come across so many favourite hobbies of individuals, irritate so many sores, and are within the compass of so many minds—that they are sure to provoke, even under the most favourable circumstances, a large amount of desultory and random criticism. And the peculiar mode in which they were last week presented to the consideration of the House made anything like orderly discussion perfectly hopeless. Mr. WILSON, whose office it was to bring them forward, knew that the vast increase of these estimates during the last five years was a source of alarm and anxiety to the reflective portion of his hearers and of the public; and he wished, therefore, to take an opportunity of stating how this increase had grown up, and how far the present Government was responsible for its existence. He went through every head, stating the amount and the cause of each additional burden thrown on the tax-payer. He pointed out the instances in which Parliament had been more extravagant than the Ministry. He explained how increase of expenditure had been rendered necessary by changes in the social policy of the country. He was prepared, not only to defend the Government on every point, but to prophesy that future years would see the expenditure augmented. And he adopted the unusual course of making his statement after the SPEAKER had left the chair, for the express purpose of inviting free discussion, and of releasing his critics as much as possible from the restraint of Parliamentary forms. Nothing could, at the first glance, have been fairer or handsomer, yet nothing could have turned out worse.

What happened was only what might have been expected. The House was invited to consider the general subject of the increase of the Estimates. But it is not very easy to deal with a hundred and fifty heads of expenditure except in detail. A man who wants retrenchment wants to see expenditure diminished under some particular head, with the facts of which he has made himself acquainted. Every critic has made some one point his own. As soon, therefore, as a general discussion was invited, a host of questions were asked, and remarks offered, on every conceivable subject connected more or less remotely with the Civil Service. One member stated that he was longing to hear a justification for an extravagant purchase of furniture. Another complained that a guinea was now charged for keys giving admission into Hampton Park. A third wished to know how the breeding-studs at Bushy were kept up,

and a fourth thought that 25*l.* instead of 50*l.* (the sum proposed) was sufficient to maintain the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's stables in Scotland-yard. Of course no interrogator considered it necessary to wait for a reply to the inquiries of his predecessors; and Sir BENJAMIN HALL, to whose department they mostly referred, was often four or five questions deep, and sat still from mere want of power to reply to everybody at once. This tempest of inquiry was diversified by a private sparring between Mr. STAFFORD and Mr. ROEBUCK, each of whom stated that he was in the most perfect good temper, but said the bitterest things which the heat of the moment could suggest. When Mr. STAFFORD sat down, Mr. SPOONER, with more humour than he ordinarily displays, asked whether they might not now conclude that the general discussion was terminated. But his reproof was ineffectual, and the House relapsed into its mood of special inquiry—different members requesting information on subjects so incongruous as, whether any plans had been prepared for the adaptation of Burlington House to national purposes? what rooms had been hired for the conduct of public business? and why the pictures at Hampton Court do not bear the names of the painters? As it was impossible to deal with this labyrinth of questions, the Ministers interrogated for the most part remained silent. Every now and then, indeed, an exception was made. When a member confidently asked why the expenditure on the Royal Palaces had increased seventy per cent., he was met by the reply that it had decreased by a sum exceeding 5000*l.* But, generally, the querists were left to answer themselves, and any other course would obviously have been hopeless.

At last this irregular fire ceased, and the House settled itself to the discussion of the first vote on the list, by which it was proposed to appropriate a sum of 196,146*l.* to the maintenance of palaces and public buildings. But here a new difficulty arose, which proved insuperable. The different items of this demand were accurately set down in the Estimates, but they were all comprehended in a single vote. One member objected to one item, another objected to another item; but the rules of the House did not permit an amendment to be put in any other shape than in that of a proposal to reduce the total amount by a specified sum. It was open to one member to propose that the vote should be reduced by 10,000*l.*, and to another to propose that it should be reduced by 20,000*l.*—the regular course of proceeding being, that the larger reduction should be taken first, and the smaller one put to the vote only in the event of the House rejecting the former. And this arrangement would work perfectly well, if only two amendments were proposed; but it obviously fails if objections are taken to three items, unless two of the sums are in the first instance added together, and their gross amount submitted to the vote of the House before they are dealt with separately. If, without any previous concert, three members respectively propose that a vote shall be reduced by the sums of 10,000*l.*, 5000*l.*, and 4000*l.*—and if the first proposal is rejected, and the second adopted—the third cannot be entertained at all, because, if it were carried, the amount would be reduced by 9000*l.*, which is precluded by the rule that the largest reduction must be taken first. The only method of succeeding in both would be to arrange that the 9000*l.* should be taken as one vote. From the nature of the case, such an arrangement is difficult to effect, because each member has his own favourite point of attack, and is wholly indifferent to the operations of his neighbours. At any rate, it would require long practice and great Parliamentary experience to familiarize members with the working of so complicated a machinery. In a new Parliament—and a Parliament very slightly under Ministerial control—the practical result of the rule was utter confusion. Endless proposals for reduction were made, but were withdrawn because no one amendment could be put to the vote without interfering with all the rest. There was no way out of the mess; and after floundering on until nearly one o'clock in the morning, the House had literally to abandon the task, and to seek recovery from its bewilderment in a night's rest.

Such exhibitions of wasted time and energy are much to be deprecated. They make it impossible that Parliament should give the requisite attention to matters of real importance—they cast a slur on representative government—and they demoralize the House by the habits of license and disorder which they engender. It is absolutely essential for the Government to make arrangements by which their

recurrence shall be rendered impossible. The course taken by Mr. WILSON was taken from a very good motive—he provoked a general discussion because he wished to give free play to criticism. But the event showed that, when the House has to consider the propriety of money votes, the only chance of profitable discussion is to embody every disputed point in a distinct and single issue. If this can be done without the change of any of the existing rules of the House, so much the better; for it is very undesirable to alter regulations which have received the sanction of time, and which may be regarded as representing the experience of centuries. Still, at whatever cost, confusion like that which we have described must be prevented, and the public business must be despatched. We trust that the Government will take warning by the lesson it has received, and will provide against the repetition of scenes so discreditable both to itself and to Parliament.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT LAMBETH.

THERE is a mistake somewhere—it may be in the newspaper reporters, it may be in the actors, it may be in the drama—but somehow we suspect that we have not got hold either of the right plot, or the right *dramatis personæ*. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY has openly fraternized with “a distinguished Baptist minister, Dr. STEANE,” with a “distinguished Wesleyan minister, the Rev. W. M. BUNTING,” and with the Corypheus of Dissenters, “Sir CULLING EARDLEY, Bart.”—and all this, as far as we can learn, for absolutely nothing. “On Friday afternoon,” we are told, “a large attendance of clergy and laity, members of the Evangelical Alliance, met in the guard-room of the Archbishopal Palace of Lambeth, to receive from the deputation a report of the proceedings in preparation for the Christian assembly to be held in Berlin next September.” But the Bishop of St. DAVID’s and the Bishop of LONDON were present. Are these prelates, then, members of the Evangelical Alliance? If so, when did they join it? One of them, at least, is equal to the task of assigning a reason for such a step—a step certainly not without importance or influence in a Bishop—and of explaining the objects both of the Alliance and of the proposed Conference at Berlin. Will Bishop THIRLWALL, who assuredly cannot be charged with levity or inexperience, enlighten that obscurity which the authorized report of the affair fails to dispel?

This Alliance and Conference are, we are bound to assume, substantial things, and have a great work in hand. At any rate, the occasion which brought Sir CULLING EARDLEY and the dissenting preachers to Lambeth, and which led the Primate of the Church of England to accept their ministrations, was an important one. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY must so consider it. He tells us himself that he deems it equivalent to a very grave and sacred precedent. He parallels the affair with nothing less than an Apostolical Synod. “When PAUL and BARNABAS”—they used to be called saints when we were at a Sunday-school—“came back from Asia, the Apostles were called together to hear all the things which had been done for them.” In the primatial mind, the analogy is complete. As Lambeth is to Jerusalem, so are PAUL and BARNABAS to the Rev. Dr. STEANE and the Rev. HERMANN SCHNETTAU—as Asia is to Prussia, so are the twelve Apostles to Sir CULLING EARDLEY, Lord CALTHORPE, Count BERNSTÖFF, and the Evangelical Alliance.

All that the ARCHBISHOP had to do on this occasion was to hear “what their brethren had to communicate.” His was the work of “the gentle Glendover”—’twas STEANE’s to speak, and SUMNER’s to hear. *Canticuere omnes*. The Rev. CARL GLYN explains—Dr. STEANE explains—the ARCHBISHOP inquires whether anybody has any question to put—and Dean ALFORD, somewhat ambiguously perhaps, replies that the explanations explained themselves—“they were so satisfactory that he had no question to ask.” Hereupon, the “Rev. W. M. BUNTING offers up a prayer, the ARCHBISHOP pronounces the benediction, and the meeting separates.” Here, then, comes the important question, what was it that was explained? Why this fraternal and paternal recognition? What is the Berlin mission? What brought this curious assembly to Lambeth Palace? It ought to have been there for something. It is at least a novelty in the annals of Lambeth for a “Wesleyan minister to offer up a prayer” in that particular presence, and in those head-quarters of Prelacy. Sir CULLING EARDLEY, and Dr. STEANE, and Mr. BUNTING

are not members of the Church of England. The latter gentlemen—much to their credit, because conscientiously—dissent from it, and, of course, consider its communion anti-Christian, or else they ought not to dissent from it; and yet the Archbishop of CANTERBURY invites them to Lambeth, and accepts their religious ministrations. To say that his GRACE fully admits Mr. BUNTING’s ministerial status is superfluous. He permits, probably requests, both a Bishop and a Wesleyan minister to officiate before him. In his eyes, they are quite equal—Bishop BICKERSTETH and Mr. BUNTING are all the same. This may be quite right, but it is certainly a novelty. Of course the immediate aspect of the affair is, that Lambeth has gone over to the Baptist and to the Wesleyan. This, again, may be quite right—it is a matter the right or wrong of which we do not pretend to discuss. All we say is, that it is an innovation. It is a precedent the gravity and significance of which are undeniable. Anyhow, it goes for a good deal. And the real force of it is this:—If the Evangelical Alliance, and Dr. STEANE, and Mr. BUNTING are just what the Archbishop of CANTERBURY counts them for, then his GRACE is a solecism. Lambeth is a mistake. The guard-room and Palace are, in that case, what we stumble at. The 15,000*l.* per annum sticks in our gorge. Archbishops and bishops of this sort are a difficulty. At this price, taking them at their own estimate, Drs. SUMNER and BICKERSTETH are not cheap. We could get this kind of work done at a lower figure. It does not require that a bystander should be a “Tractarian” for him to open his eyes very wide indeed at this sort of thing. The Church of England is a fact in history. It has undoubtedly its annals, its principles, its character, its standing, its general bearing and claims—it has for more than three centuries borne a certain recognised and palpable witness—it has a standard, a liturgy, a constitution, laws, orders, a hierarchy, and so on. These are facts just as tangible as that the Sovereign and the three Estates of the Realm are integral parts of the British Constitution. And that these facts are logically irreconcilable with the Evangelical Alliance, and the Berlin delegates, and the Baptist and Wesleyan ministrations at Lambeth, we are not going to waste our time to prove. That the Lambeth meeting on Friday had for its object to efface this character of the Church of England, is patent. That object some will approve—some will disapprove. We take no side—we only call attention to the meaning of the afternoon’s work.

What, then, occurs to moderate people is to inquire whether, if the Church of England is utterly to forego its character, Lambeth Palace is exactly the proper scene, and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY the most fitting person, to inaugurate a *coup d’état*? To speak very honestly and familiarly, is Archbishop SUMNER paid for this sort of feat? Do we look for this particular work of the ministry at such hands? We do not usually hear much of his Grace. His age is of the ripest; and his energies cannot, from the nature of the case, be at their most vigorous pitch. In attempting to cope with the religious necessities of this great Empire, Archbishop SUMNER is not, to say the least of it, at the head of any movement. Experience might have taught his Grace, as in the GAWTHORNE case, and in the Chester parricide case, that he has the misfortune sometimes of making serious mistakes. So much for his personal qualifications to revolutionize the Church of England. As for the official propriety of the thing, there are certainly thousands upon thousands of old-fashioned, quiet, sober Church of England men who will stand aghast at this particular movement. It is what they cannot understand or account for. For example, there is that vast and very influential body—who, after all, on hereditary grounds, and perhaps not for the clearest motives, still form the largest religious body in the country, and are the substance of the national Church—the Church-and-State men. They will at once pronounce that this is not the sort of thing they are paying for, and endowing, and giving all sorts of privileges to. Then there is what is called the High Church party. If there is anything which the wit or folly of man could devise, specially and pre-eminently calculated to goad them into madness and extravagance, and to exaggerate, wherever it exists, all their petulance and dissatisfaction, it is such a foolish proceeding as this Lambeth conclave. And common people, who take no party side in religion, do love consistency and principle. This is our own view. We like Rome to be Rome, Dissent to be Dissent, Church of England to be Church of England. With BERANGER we say—

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J'aime qu'un Russe soit Russe,
Et qu'un Anglais soit Anglais;
Si l'on est Prussien en Prusse,
En France soyons Français.

This is honest, straightforward, and intelligible. *A Lambeth soyns Anglais.* The English mind will not sympathize with Dr. SUMNER. Even the Dissenters, whom the proceeding is meant to conciliate, can distinguish well enough between an honest abdication of untenable claims and the making use of a high position for mere backstairs treason.

We have implied that there might be circumstances which would justify the Church of England, in the person of its Primate, in taking a new line and foregoing its historical antecedents. Is the Berlin Conference such an occasion? One of this Archbishop's predecessors, WAKE, entered into negotiations with Prussian ecclesiastics, and it might be worth Archbishop SUMNER's while to study the results of the correspondence with JABLONSKI early in the last century. But the FRITZ-BUNSEN sect is not worth giving up the Church of England for. To invigorate the Evangelical Alliance is not a game worth this very expensive candle. As a body, during the twelve years of its existence, it has done literally nothing. Even now, it is only a cat's-paw employed by his bibulous Majesty of PRUSSIA; and he is, as he fairly says, just making use of the English deputation as a card with which to sweep the board in a clever game now playing among contending religious parties in his kingdom. The substance of the report presented by the three delegates is absolutely nothing. Story they had none to tell—progress they had none to report, except that they had assisted at a fine dinner at Potsdam. The King of PRUSSIA was "deeply impressed with the feeling that the Evangelical Alliance would assist him to put down certain views" which are especially distasteful to M. BUNSEN. That is to say, he wants Archbishop SUMNER's aid to put down a particular school of High Church theology in Prussia—which Swiss service is a very odd one for an Archbishop to take. We cannot afford to subsidize Prussia with an episcopal regiment to "put down" the religious differences of Germany. The only thing expected, or at least announced, on the part of the Berlin Conference is, that in September the Hundredth Psalm is to be sung simultaneously in three languages. For this important feat in metrical Psalmody—and anything more practical among the agenda at Berlin, we have failed to discover in the report of the deputation—the Archbishop of CANTERBURY has thought fit to take a step of the importance of which, we dare say, he has not the slightest notion. He and his clerical friends have committed themselves—though, if this were all, it would be of no consequence—to a proceeding which has done more to excite dissension in, and to invite taunts against, the Church of England, and to lower its character, than any previous step which has signalized his Grace's ill-advised rule. It is high time that those who, on political and social grounds, think it desirable that the Church of England should have a character, and that its Bishops should retain the confidence of all the moderate and sensible members of every party in the Church, should protest distinctly against the levity of experimentalism, and the imbecility and ignorance which at present are conspicuous in its highest stations.

PLASSY.

A HUNDRED years ago, to-day, on the banks of the Hooghly river, a little army of three thousand men, of whom more than two-thirds were Sepoys, was marching northward from Calcutta, under an English commander, intent upon a great enterprise. A few marches higher up, on the opposite bank of the river, was encamped the army of the Nabob of Bengal. The mind of the English leader was heavy with doubt and anxiety. The existence of the English in India was dependent upon the wisdom and the energy of his movements. Leagued with a native ally whose fidelity he mistrusted, and opposed to a mighty host which, ably commanded, might have overwhelmed him, his situation was one of extremest difficulty and danger. But the "heaven-born general" was equal to the occasion. Two days afterwards, ROBERT CLIVE crossed the river; and on the third day, the 23rd of June, 1757, he fought the battle of Plassy, crushed the power of SURAJAH-DOWLAH, revolutionized Bengal, and laid, broad and deep, the foundation of the British Indian Empire.

The historian of the *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* has made no mention of the battle of Plassy. But no more decisive battle was ever fought. It decided the question of

the future Government of India. It decided the question of England's greatness in the scale of nations. It decided that a hundred and fifty millions of Asiatics should receive their laws from, and be indebted for their civilization to, a little island on the outskirts of Western Europe, which had been sunk in poverty and barbarism at a time when India was the store-house of gigantic wealth, and the home of the arts and sciences. No victory that was ever gained has had a more decisive influence on the destinies of the world than the victory won by ROBERT CLIVE over SURAJAH-DOWLAH on the 23rd June, 1757.

Since the day when that great battle—the first of a long line of victories which have macadamised our road to universal dominion in India—rendered CLIVE a king-maker, the "country powers," one by one, have well-nigh all toppled down. The Mahratta has followed the Mahomedan along the same downward path of destruction. The feeble Power which, a century ago, was represented by the handful of English gentlemen whom SURAJAH-DOWLAH stifled in the Black Hole of Calcutta, has grown, in the course of a century, into the Empire which gives law to the whole of the Indian peninsula. The ancient princes of India are pensioners, or puppets, or prisoners. Some have ceased to be—others exist only in name. A magnificent palace on the banks of the river, built by an English engineer, not far from the place where the great battle was fought, is pointed out to the traveller as the palace of the NEWAB NAZIM of Bengal, who has no political existence—not a rood of land—and whose name is seldom even heard beyond the neighbourhood in which he spends the few thousands a year allotted to him by the English Government. The descendants of TIPPOO, Sultan of Mysore, under the superintendence of an English officer, draw their pensions and spend their money, harmless and indolent in the Anglo-Indian capital—thinking and talking sometimes of the wonders and delights of London, and not seldom writing, in good English, letters to their British friends. The Great Mogul wallows in the privileged palace of Delhi—a nuisance and abomination too long permitted—a great name, the prestige of which is fast passing away with the memory of the ancient grandeur of the empire. And where are all the mighty hereditary servants of the Emperor, Mahratta and Mahomedan, with their *imperium in imperiis*, once rulers of vast provinces acknowledging the suzerainty of the Mogul? The last of the Peishwas died a pensioner and a prisoner in the hands of the English conqueror, whose representative sits in Poonah. The last of the Boonslahs has died, childless and heirless. His pensioned widows live in the Palace of Nagpore, but the province has "lapsed" to the paramount English power. The Nabob-Wuzeer of Oude languishes in an English villa on the banks of the Hooghly river, whilst his son and mother hold their court in the New-road, and deluge the country with pamphlets denunciatory of the injustice which expelled them from the Palace of Lucknow. The mutilated Principality of the Nizam remains under its old master. But the Empire of Sivajee has passed away. Sattarah has come to us by lapse. Coorg has fallen to us by conquest; and its some-time Rajah has found an asylum in St. John's Wood, where he solaces himself with the mild delights of a law-suit, and writes letters of eternal gratitude to the Company against whom the suit is preferred. North, south, east, west, it is all the same. The Indus and the Irrawaddy alike see us seated on their banks. Old and new dynasties have fallen, before our arms. The Sikh Empire, which extended itself by the mutilation of its neighbours, was not proof against the neighbourhood of the English; and Scinde had been wiped out before by the great absorbing sponge of Great Britain. The Maharajah of the Punjab, oscillating between a castle in the Highlands and a villa at Roehampton, is fast becoming an English gentleman. The Talpoor Ameers, less fortunate and less respectable, are dying off in captivity in the provinces of India. In whatsoever direction we turn our eyes over that vast territory, we see nothing but the ruins of prostrate principalities; and amidst them everywhere sits the white man with his round hat, making laws, commanding armies, rearing churches and building schools—laying down railways, stretching out electric wires, and digging canals which put to shame the boasted works of the greatest Mahomedan Emperors—and all because, a hundred years ago, ROBERT CLIVE determined to cross the Hooghly, and to give battle to the Nabob of Bengal.

Yet who thinks of ROBERT CLIVE? Among the thousands and tens of thousands who, in this great metropolis, two

days ago, galled to mind that the anniversary of Waterloo had come round again—among the thousands and tens of thousands who have flocked during the past week to the great palace on the Sydenham hill, to commemorate, two years before its time, the centenary of the death of a foreign musician—how many have remembered that this is the centenary of the battle of Plassey, which laid the foundation of the most marvellous political edifice the world has ever seen—the British Empire in the East? The week—almost the very day—has arrived; yet England has given no sign. One town alone, we believe, in CLIVE's native county—the town of Shrewsbury—has done honour to itself by remembering the Shropshire hero in this the hundredth year from that of his great victory. A subscription has been set on foot for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a statue in the town; but we have heard of no other demonstration. Even the East India Company, who, as CLIVE declared, would have been ruined outright if he had not fought the battle and crushed the NABOB, have not determined to celebrate the occasion by a banquet at the London Tavern. But remembering that, last week, barely forty members of the Commons House of Parliament could be induced to retain their seats whilst the administration of that great province which CLIVE laid at his feet in June, 1757, was under discussion, how can we marvel that CLIVE himself is forgotten except in his own county? But the fame of Lord CLIVE is not a local fame to be perpetuated by a local monument. If a new statue is to be erected in his honour by the nation, let it look down upon the people from a pedestal reared in the national metropolis. It is not Shrewsbury—it is not Shropshire—it is England, that should be proud of such a man. For never were words more truly uttered than those which MACAULAY wrote, when he declared that "every person who takes a fair and enlightened view of his whole career, must admit that our island, so fertile in heroes and statesmen, has scarcely ever produced a man more truly great, either in arms or in council."

VIRGINIA IN OXENDEN-STREET.

WE do not propose to "improve" the case of the *QUEEN v. ERLAM*. The heavy morality line may be reasonably left to the flabby homilies and unctuous comments of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. We cannot think of interfering with Lord CAMPBELL's edifying picture of the poor victim, the "young creature under the age of sixteen," and the seduction of that "innocent girl," Miss ROSE GOODMAN, whose real name is said to be LEVY. But we consider this case worth a passing word—not for its own sake, since the disgusting story supplies its own commentary, but for other reasons. The act of 9 GEORGE IV., under which the defendant was prosecuted, is exactly a specimen of that class of moral legislation which some well-meaning people think the easiest thing in the world. Deal with vice as a misdemeanour—fine and imprison the adulterer—fine and imprison the seducer, the corrupter of chastity, the treacherous serpent who betrays maiden innocence, &c. &c. And of course the theory of this is perfect. We have also the Bishop of OXFORD's Act, a measure passed with the very best intentions, and the object of which it is impossible not to sympathize with most heartily—we have societies for the protection of women—and when the law says that it shall be a misdemeanour to abduct from the paternal home any unmarried girl below the age of sixteen, without the paternal consent, whether with or without her own, everybody assumes that such a law can never be abused. Last Wednesday's experience, however, of the working of the philanthropic and moral measure against the abduction of young girls, leads us and every reasonable man to doubt of the perfect justice secured by this moral statute. Unless we are mistaken, it originated in Miss TURNER's case, and its object was to prevent the abduction of heiresses for the purpose of marriage, not of seduction; and, therefore, to apply it in cases of seduction is to misapply it. But even admitting that it contemplated such a case as this, we begin to be suspicious of its expediency.

SHAKESPEARE, in his world-wide morality, has shown us, in *Measure for Measure*, that to deal penally with certain immoralities may lead to greater injuries to society, and perhaps to individuals, than the sins themselves. We trust that we shall not be suspected of apologizing for, or extenuating, unchastity; yet we must observe that these rigid, technical, cast-iron statutes often miss substantial justice. There can be no doubt that ERLAM was convicted on the

bare letter of the law, with little reference to its spirit. And there are many who feel that if "seduction," and "virgin innocence," and all the rest of it, have any meaning, the phrases are very imperfectly applicable to this case. ERLAM is convicted because ROSE GOODMAN was, at the time of her abduction and seduction, not fifteen; and, indeed, at the present moment she is only fifteen and eight months. The law supposes that, under sixteen, all girls are so pure, so innocent of the world's ways, so incapable of resisting the wolf, that they require artificial and technical safeguards. Miss ROSE, however, at fourteen years and ten months exhibits a force of character which many girls of nineteen, happily for themselves, have not attained. If the law interferes in her behalf, it ought to make the abduction of many, perhaps of most, women at the age of twenty-four equally criminal. The fault of the law is fixing the age of guilt. There can be no doubt that ROSE LEVY, of Jewish precocity of person and mind, brought up in the chaste atmosphere of Oxenden-street, and under the paternal care of Mr. ABRAHAM LEVY GOODMAN, is a lamb who might, if she had pleased, have shown somewhat formidable teeth to the ravishing wolf. To apply the term seduction to this bashful maiden's fate, looks rather ridiculous. Her cool self-possessed conduct in the witness-box, and her skilful management of a two hours' cross-examination, is the most decisive proof that she was quite old enough and sharp enough to take care of her virtue had she thought proper. The judge intimated pretty clearly that, in his opinion, ERLAM's account of the matter was true, and that she knew well enough what the interviews and propositions of the gallant CAPTAIN meant. By his running comments on the evidence, Lord CAMPBELL showed his belief that her amiable father, had he pleased, might have stopped the intercourse at Hammersmith and Brighton, and that he only viewed the whole matter as one to "arrange." Like a cigar-shop, a betting-book, and other multifarious avocations, a daughter may sometimes be part of a man's stock in trade. The father's consent to his child's dishonour could not be proved, and therefore the defendant was convicted. But, what the law presupposes as antecedent circumstances in such cases is parental care, parental dissent and sense of wrong and dishonour, a girl's modesty and purity, and her inability from inexperience to resist the tempter; and, most assuredly, the prosecutor's advocate did not waste his time on proving these points. What was proved (but this class of facts had no legal bearing on the case) was, that the girl met her paramour more than half way—that she was not an unwilling victim—that her age, whatever it was, was one of complete precocity and knowledge of evil—and that her father, to use the judge's words, acted throughout "very disgracefully." However, all that the law required to constitute guilt—the fact of the girl's age, and of the abduction—was indisputable, and a conviction followed. But the law, as it stands, is undoubtedly open to grave and serious abuses; and it has been abused in this case, owing to its rigidity and precision.

Further, the case illustrates what, in the parallel matter of adultery, many affect to doubt—the possibility of collusion in "the injured party." It is, or was recently, proposed to make adultery a misdemeanour; and it was once suggested to revive the Draconian enactment of the *Reformatio Legum*, and to declare it criminal. This course can only be defended by ignoring the possibility of collusion. But, not to refer to the Bridlington case, reported this week—a case occurring in that very rank of life for whose benefit it is proposed to facilitate divorce—the history of Mr. and Miss LEVY GOODMAN suggests that something very like collusion is not quite impossible in these matters. From the 27th August to 14th October, the father makes no attempt to recover his child. He meets her and her "seducer" amicably at Ostend, dines with the couple in the daughter's bedroom, smokes, and walks, and talks with the ravisher, and hints, or more than hints, at an arrangement. We say nothing of his previous paternal care—of the license apparently given to the poor girl to make what acquaintances and assignations she pleased. We say nothing of the Oxenden-street home—of the Hammersmith free-and-easy life—of the suspicious Brighton lodgings and friends. But certainly LEVY's paternal care did not oppose to his daughter's corruption any strong domestic difficulties; and it was not to protect such a father and such a daughter, that the Act 9 GEORGE IV. was framed—even if it was aimed at seduction at all, which, if we are right as to its origin, we may well doubt. ERLAM, we believe, is of mature age—forty-five, it is said—and is plainly a loose liver; and very possibly, after his three

months' incarceration, he will think twice before he again entangles himself with a REBECCA from Oxenden-street. We cannot afford to commiserate this gallant middle-aged LOTHARIO'S mishap; but we can quite believe that a more respectable person than ERLAM may, under the precarious justice of this statute, be the victim of a pair not more reputable than LEVY *père et fille*. Less interesting victims of the seducer we certainly cannot conceive.

POSITIVE RELIGION.

NOT long ago a lecture was delivered in London, of which "the novelty was the maintenance of the religious sentiment on atheistical grounds." This struck us at the time as a very surprising novelty indeed; and it was with some curiosity that we read a pamphlet published at New York, and intended to give a popular exposition of "Religious Positivism." It is a translation or summary of the *Positivist Calendar, or transitional system of Public Commemoration instituted by Auguste Comte*. Its author is a Mr. Henry Edger, and it bears the modest motto, *Disiunctis Deoque, successit humanitas*.

This is not the place to enter upon a discussion of the principles of M. Comte's philosophy; but when any system commences what Mr. Edger calls "a propagande," addressed not *ad clerum*, but *ad populum*, its teaching becomes a fair subject for popular discussion. It is for this reason that we prefer the examination of Mr. Edger's pamphlet to a full inquiry into the original work of M. Comte. Small as they are, the few sheets before us develop a system which, on more accounts than one, deserves attention. The style in which it is delivered is very obscure, and the subject is in itself difficult; but we will do our best to translate it into a form intelligible to our readers in general, or, in Mr. Edger's own language, to those who are, like ourselves, in that "intermediary intellectual state" which Positivists describe as "the metaphysical transition."

It is, as most persons are aware, one of the principal objects of Positive philosophy to discover "analogues" for all the feelings and opinions which have exercised a lasting influence on mankind. It is its business and its glory to point out in their true proportions, scientifically ascertained, the facts which our metaphysical spectacles distort. Every widely-spread conception rests on some positive truth. Discover that, and you have the benefits of existing institutions and modes of thought free from their abuses. Now, no one can shut his eyes to the fact that various conceptions of God, of prayer, of the soul, and of human society considered as a whole, have exercised the deepest influence over the fortunes of our race. Chains of reasoning sufficiently familiar have led Positivists to the conclusion that all these conceptions are fundamentally wrong, and not only false, but contradictory. Up to this point many other speculators have preceded them; but their peculiar crowning glory is that they have discovered the "analogues" of these conceptions, and can give us a religion capable of doing all that the old religions ever professed themselves able to do, and resting on foundations as impregnable by scepticism as those of mathematical science. First, then, what is man? Man is the aggregate of certain phenomena, some of which are quantitative—capable of being weighed, measured, and so forth—and others "vital"—i.e., existing only as energies and impulses. These impulses may ultimately be reduced to eighteen—ten of which are principles of action, five means of action, and three (courage, prudence, and firmness) are their ultimate result, as far as the individual is concerned—the organs by which the other fifteen act upon the material part of man, and so upon the outer world. These eighteen impulses, taken together, constitute the soul, and they are all functions of the brain. Except as a property of our organization, the soul has no existence.

Having got the "analogue" of the "theologico-metaphysical entity" called the soul, we must, in order to arrive at the "analogues" of God and of prayer, go back to the ten principles of action, or, as they are called, "affective motors." Seven of these, viz., the nutritive, the sexual, the maternal, the military, and the industrial instincts, and the desires for power and approbation are personal; and the other three, viz., attachment, veneration, and love, are social; and these are the "analogues" of moral good and evil. A good man is one whose three social "affective motors" are stronger than his seven personal "affective motors," and *vice versâ*; and the origin and essence of evil consists in the fact that the latter were originally much stronger, and are still often stronger than the former. The balance, however, has been to a certain extent redressed in modern European society, and this has been brought about by the growth of those social relations which carry a man out of himself, and thereby strengthen his social as compared with his personal springs of action. The objects of these social affections appear upon examination to be three—viz., the Family, the State, and the human race—or rather, not only the human race, but all beings capable of becoming the objects of affection; and thus we are led to the conclusion that the triumph of good over evil would consist in "the fusion of man into Humanity," the destruction of personality, "our great enemy, the true Satan," and the universal devotion of every individual to the interests of all, his own share of the energies of his affective motors being only a rateable one.

We have now got the "analogues" of the soul, of good and evil, and of the opposition between the two. What is the "analogue" of God? It is, we learn, the "Supreme Being," that to which the "affective motors" ultimately "converge," that is to say, Humanity—the sum total of all human beings, past, present, and to come, the great leviathan of which we are all the organs, and in which—when our affective motors have put under our feet that Satan, our personality—we shall all be absorbed. Now, Prayer has always been supposed by the slaves of "theological creeds," to be the form in which men directly address God, and the problem is to find its "analogue," those of man and God being given. To address "Humanity" (even with the largest H), is, as Mr. Edger very justly feels, rather a waste of time; but though Humanity does not care for you, you may bring yourself to care for it, and the mental discipline which trains you to do so is the "analogue" of prayer. Prayer, therefore, consists in meditations undertaken with the express object of exciting the worshipper's affection for Humanity.

We have now therefore attained to a systematic view of the great problems which have so long vexed mankind. Here we have distinct conceptions of God and man, of good and evil, and finally of prayer, and now what is to be done with them? The Positivist answer is that they are to serve as a base for the reconstruction of human society, and especially of the ecclesiastical department of it. We have not space to go into all the reforms which are to be carried out in the course of the process, but we will try to give some account of the new Positivist church.

The "affective motors," as we have already observed, have two other objects besides Humanity—that is to say, the Family and the Nation. The new worship therefore will have a triple division—Personal, domestic, and national; but inasmuch as an ungrateful world does not as yet fully appreciate the new church, the two first of these are alone "susceptible of an immediate development." The personal religion of earnest Positivists is accordingly depicted in Mr. Edger's pamphlet with a good faith and intensity of feeling which are perfectly astounding. A Buddhist missionary preaching in Hyde Park on the propriety of passing our lives in self-contemplation and repeating the name of Buddha, would not be more astonishing than this pious Atheist. "It is only by the assiduous practice of personal and domestic worship that the sincere adherents of our religion can be adequately prepared to become the agents of its systematic establishment." These adherents are, however, the very salt of the earth:—

The rich, when the certainty of its principle becomes manifest, will take it [Positivism] up and patronize it, no doubt: that is the natural order of things. But it is the feeble and the suffering, the down-trodden and the persecuted, the half-despairing doubter, who, never losing religious aspirations amidst the dreary wastes of scepticism into which the hollowness of the conventional creeds had driven him, plants his foot with joy unutterable upon the solid rock of positive Faith; the baffled and discomfited socialist, who finds his dreams of harmony and attraction vanishing into smoke, and, as the sole result of his aberrations, discord more harsh, oppression more cruel, affections more lacerated; the social outcast, the despised, the "publicans and sinners;"—these are the true natural supporters of a movement of universal, social, and moral regeneration during that period when no others, if only from their social position, are likely to hear anything about it, or care anything about it. Not, indeed, that many even of these can be reached; for they all have prejudices, rendered inveterate by unjust suffering, which stand directly in the way of their own redemption. Such souls as these, however, Positivism, and Positivism alone, can effectually redeem, scattering their delusions, and placing them in harmony with the immutable realities of the world and of life, and at the same time realizing the noble aspirations that ever underlie their wildest aberrations, and transforming themselves from injurious perturbators into the pioneers of a better order, a purer morality, a loftier and sublimer religion than any that have yet blessed the world.

Personal prayer consists of two great branches:—

The Family furnishes every true believer with types and representatives of the Great Being, spontaneously apt to develop each element of altruism. The predominating type is the MOTHER, who must specially stimulate and exercise the organ of veneration, while the WIFE specially cultivates attachment, and the DAUGHTER goodness and protective love.

If a man is not blessed with these relatives, he may make shift with his sisters, or even, in case of necessity, with "male adjuncts." In other words, the Positivist Paterfamilias is to sit down, of *malice prepense*, two or three times a day, to reflect upon his affection for all of his relatives. To a slave of the metaphysical transition such a practice seems likely to end in parricide. "The private worship," we are told, "essentially addressed to Woman, elevates the female sex into the spontaneous representative and type of Humanity." Woman, however, is not the only object of adoration. "The Invocation of the Memory of the Dead," is another item in this remarkable faith. "Three times a day, morning, noon, and night, does the Positivist systematically seek to revive within his own brain the image of those among his friends and connexions taken away by death who constitute to him the best representatives of Humanity;" and in this undertaking he "does not neglect the aid furnished to him by the accumulated æsthetic treasures of Humanity." We suppose this to mean that the Positivist has his friends' busts or portraits at hand on the occasion. The Positivist worship is a sort of atheistical parody of the Roman Catholic ritual—the three observances which we have mentioned being obviously the "analogues" of the worship of the Virgin, the Invocation of the Saints, and the use of relics. But this is brought out far more clearly in the theory—for at present it can

be no more—of civil worship. This is to consist principally in the administration of nine sacraments. First, the new-born infant is to be solemnly *presented* to Humanity. Then when the seven years' education, which is to be conferred on him by the State, begins, he is to be solemnly *initiated*. Choosing a profession is the sacrament of *destination*. Marriage is a sacrament, because its principal object is the development of the affective motors. Then there is a sort of declaration of *maturity*—the "analogue," we presume, of confirmation—at forty-two. There is a sacrament of *retreat* from active life at sixty-three—one of *transformation* at death, or rather burial—and finally, "seven years after death, every such servant as shall be adjudged to be worthy of such an apotheosis, will be religiously incorporated in the eternal subjective existence of Humanity." Such is the new religion. Its priests are to be "emphatically educators," consistently enough with the view that an identity of all fundamental opinions is the *sine quâ non* of the whole scheme; and, also in perfect consistency, they are to begin by being physicians.

We have done our best to give a fair account of this extraordinary dream. It would be useless to say a word in criticism of it, but one or two observations suggest themselves which may be worth offering. Most of our readers will no doubt have read the admirable papers on Buddhism which appeared very lately in the *Times*, and which have just been reprinted, with the author's (Mr. Max Müller's) name, in a separate form. It is impossible not to be struck, in reading Mr. Edger's pamphlet, with the extraordinary analogy which exists between his account of M. Comte's religion and M. Müller's account of Buddhism. Existence is the Buddhist's hell, and annihilation his heaven. In just the same spirit M. Comte looks upon personality as the origin of evil. Once make the "affective motors" direct their efforts to Humanity at large, and estrange them from the individual I, and that blessed "altruism" which is the Positivist *summum bonum*, ensues. The "fusion of man into humanity" is only the Positivist form of the Buddhist absorption of the good into the everlasting nothing. This appears, perhaps, most clearly from M. Comte's use of the much abused word "subjective." He appears to mean by it that which is the object of thought only, and which has no independent existence. Humanity, for example—the analogue of God—is "principally subjective," i.e., though eternal, its eternity, *a parte post* and *a parte ante*, consists only in the recollections and anticipations of the existing generations of men; so that to be "fused into Humanity," is neither more nor less than to lose all individual existence—to cease to exist. In perfect conformity with this, Mr. Edger describes death as the act of "passing from an objective into a subjective state." According to Buddhism, annihilation is a reward reserved for the supremely good, but Positivism is a sort of atheistical universalism. No matter what you may be here, you will "become subjective" before long, and the worst that can happen to you is, that you may be denied the "sacrament of incorporation," a sort of loss one could put up with.

How any human being out of Bedlam could preach such doctrine as we have attempted to describe, is at first sight inconceivable; but when we reflect on the hold which Buddhism and the gross superstitions which are its "analogue" in the popular mind, have long exercised over a vast proportion of the human race, we shall perhaps be brought to see that a belief in life and immortality are by no means such obvious and commonplace truths as our English modes of thought and Christian education would incline us to consider them to be.

We have done our best to give a serious account of a strange subject, but we cannot take leave of Mr. Edger without observing that the hopeless folly of the substance of his scheme is only matched by the extravagant absurdity of some of its minor developments. Of all the misbegotten jargons that it was ever our misfortune to read, that which is produced by the union of M. Comte's French with English is the worst. It is irritating enough to see "actual" used for "present," "tableau" for "table," and "ensemble" for "sum;" but when we come to such phrases as "the social incorporation of the modern Proletariat," "the civic bond constituting an intermediary between the elementary domestic union and the universal relationship," "the mediæval evolution," "eminently exceptional Judaism," &c., we feel a satisfactory assurance that the new religion is as alien to the English language as it will ever be to English understandings and affections. We must also notice that in order to consolidate the new religion a new calendar has been formed, which "all true Positivists use," and which, with a characteristically French appreciation of the dignity of France, dates from 1789. It consists of thirteen lunar months, dedicated respectively to Moses, Homer, Aristotle, Archimedes, Cæsar, St. Paul, Charlemagne, Dante, Guttenberg, Shakespeare, Descartes, Frederic II., and Bichat. The odd day is dedicated to a "universal celebration of the dead;" and once in four years there is to be a "general celebration of holy women." Every day of the year is put under the patronage of some great man—"adjuncts" being appointed to some days, to be celebrated in leap year. Some of these are irresistibly absurd. Thus the 20th Moses is dedicated to Manco-Capac, or, in leap years, to the literal King of the Cannibal Islands—Tamma-hammaka. The 26th of the same month is given to John the Baptist, and the 27th, to Haroun al Raschid; though we do not observe our old friend Sinbad. On the 18th,

the faithful will have the satisfaction of worshipping "the Theocrats of Thibet;" and on the 19th, "the Theocrats of Japan." The present paper is published, according to the new style, on 3rd Charlemagne 69, being the festival of Otho the Great, and (on leap years) of Henry the Fowler.

A TOUR TO THE LAKES.

SIR BENJAMIN HALL has drawn an abundant supply of hot water out of the new well by which he intends to fill the lakes in St. James's Park and Buckingham Palace Gardens, and the Serpentine. Prudent householders, fearing to lose their domestic Vacluse, mutter ferrid denunciations, while the menacing forms of a Malmesbury, a Baring, and a Bentinck are not wanting in either House of Parliament, to testify against the Minister who dared run up so huge a bill with so small an amount of Parliamentary sanction. The excuse offered to the House of Commons was that, in reality, that body, or at least the preceding Parliament, was an accomplice before the fact. The House ordered, it seems, a particular bridge in St. James's Park, and the building of that particular bridge necessitated the water being let off. When the lake was dry, Parliament was not sitting; and it then became evident that the cleansing of its bed could be done far more cheaply when the water was already let off than if that necessary process had to be repeated. Besides, there happened just at the moment to be a supply of rubbish which could be procured for nothing, to shoot at the bottom. All these reasons, as far as they go, seem to make out a fair case for what was certainly, in itself, an irregularity; and, without for a moment abandoning our zeal for Parliamentary vigilance to check extravagance, we are willing not to be too nice about a measure which promises so greatly to add to the health and comfort of London as the purification of the water in St. James's Park.

The second complaint, proceeding from residents in the neighbourhood, is one which it is not so easy to dispose of. If it should prove true that the new supply of water does inflict the anticipated injury, those whose ignorant presumption jumped to the conclusion that they had struck upon a vein of filtered Thames water must repair the loss which they have inflicted on persons little capable of making it good for themselves. It is clear that a whole populous district cannot be deprived at once of its needful supply of water. It is equally clear that all considerations of health, to take no other ground, demanded the purification of the fetid pond. Those who cavil at the cost have only to read Dr. Hassall's report of his analysis of the samples of water drawn from the two ends of the Serpentine—from which both the lake in St. James's Park and that in Buckingham Palace Gardens have heretofore been supplied—to be satisfied of the paramount necessity of doing something. The multitudinous list of nasty creatures inhabiting those waters, the length of whose Latin names varies in the inverse ratio of their bulk, is enough to raise the alarms even of persons who have never trembled before the Comet. It was judicious of Sir Benjamin Hall to append this report to the papers moved for by Sir Francis Baring, and we thank him for it. Seriously and soberly, the Serpentine is pestiferous. That long and broad lake in the heart of London, whose banks are the chosen resort of high and low, on foot, or horseback, and in carriage, is a repository of miasma and disease, which are only waiting for some atmospheric condition unfavourable to health to break out in a manner that may carry conviction even to a niggardly House of Commons and an incredulous Administration.

The cause of this monstrous state of things is not less characteristic than the partial attempts which have been made to mitigate the evil. When the Serpentine was first made, in the reign of George II., it was fed by a rural brook which collected the waters of Hampstead and Highgate, and ran through the fields which then occupied the Bayswater valley. London, however, grew westward, until, in the words of Sir Benjamin Hall's Report of 1855, "the district through which it ran became so populous and so occupied by buildings, that the stream, in consequence of those buildings draining into it, became a common sewer, contaminating the Serpentine, and rendering it a nuisance." And fashionable London still went on, year after year, driving, walking, riding round about the gigantic cesspool, snuffing its stercoraceous gales, and boasting of our British enterprise and common sense. At last, in 1834, a mighty affluat moved the administrative and legislative mind, and an Act was passed. This Act empowered the building of "a weir, or tumbling bay," two entire feet in height, at the north end of the Serpentine, and the construction of a sewer in connexion with the Bayswater stream; and the great result of course has been to divert two feet of sewage into that drain, and leave the rest, as before, to impregnate the lake—a wise measure, everybody must own, of moderate and conservative reform. The deficit of sewage water was made up by a contract with the Chelsea Water Company; but, by way of compensation, building in Westbourne has made so vast a stride that the sewage-and-water of 1857 is probably just as feculent as the sewage pure and simple of 1834. In Dr. Hassall's words, "these waters" (the specimens sent to him) "taken from opposite extremities of the Serpentine, are both very bad, containing much

organic matter, vegetable and animal, dead, living, and in solution." Again, then, it is clear something must be done. Lord Malmesbury would probably recommend another two feet of altitude being given to the tumbling bay; but the general sense of London, at any rate—and we trust of England—would reply that the day for half-measures was gone by. Public feeling would say that, without incurring the risk of undue timidity or profligate extravagance, the preservation of London from the risk of pestilence is an object not less worthy of national liberality than those harbours of refuge whose advocate Mr. Bentinck, true to Norfolk, has made himself.

This is half the case. The evil is patent, and the remedy is equally so—namely, to divert the sewage completely from the Serpentine, equalize its depth, and concrete the bottom of its bed. But there is that other half behind—the expense which this alteration would entail. The work, if it is to be done effectively, would cost upwards of 100,000*l.*, and 100,000*l.* is a little too large a figure for the Treasury to "sport," in the dead-days of autumn, at the risk of a snub and a refusal from the next session of Parliament—especially in face of the recent decision of the House, throwing away, in a stingy pet, that great scientific work, the large survey of Scotland, to save 50,000*l.*, and gratify Sir Denham Norreys. If the Serpentine is ever to be regulated, the assent of the national vestry must antecedently be obtained. Whether or not the money will be voted, depends of course entirely on the turn which that playful skittishness natural to Supply-nights may happen to take on the particular occasion. We would not wish it otherwise, for, deadly as the physical miasma of the Serpentine may be, we should not desire to see it abated at the risk of the more deadly moral miasma of a Napoleonic régime. But, because Parliament is, and ought to be, the arbiter of expenses even for works so clearly right and necessary as the purification of the Serpentine, it should deal with the case in the large-minded spirit of an educated body having custody of the health and credit of a metropolis such as London, and not in the temper of a rustic vestry overhauling an unpopular churchwarden's expenses at the last visitation.

THE DUTCH, FRENCH, AND SPANISH MASTERS AT MANCHESTER.

WE have reserved for the present paper some notice of the chief of those artists of the Low Countries who, deserting the ideal or historical style, devoted themselves to animal painting, landscapes, marine pieces, or still life. And these, with the *genre* painters of Holland, and the somewhat exceptional school of Spain, and the French *paysagistes*, will bring us to the end of the saloons of ancient art in the Manchester Exhibition.

Among animal painters, none can be compared with Franz Snijders, the friend and *collaborateur* of Rubens himself, and whose admirable likeness by Van Dyck is to be seen in this collection. It is recorded that he often painted animals for Rubens—as, for instance, the vulture in the "Prometheus" (534), noticed in a former paper—while Rubens returned the favour by drawing the human figure in Snijders' pictures. The "Boar Hunt" (565), contributed by Lord Derby, is a fine example of this joint work. But another "Boar Hunt" (573), from the Fesch Collection, and now the property of Sir P. Egerton, is still finer. "A Stork in the Air beset by Hawks" (535), belonging to Mr. Tollemache, is an excellent specimen of Snijders' unassisted style; and the two large "Market Scenes" (645, 572), contributed by the Duke of Newcastle, are very noticeable—the first for its revolting delineation of the realities of a butcher's shop—the latter, by contrast, for its masterly representation of the pleasanter vendibles of vegetables and fruit, the freshness, and bloom, and colour of which transport the spectator to Covent Garden, and almost reconcile him to the nature of the subject. Besides the "Dead Game" (34), in the Hertford Saloon, we notice but one Weenix, and that an unimportant "Game-piece" (709) at Manchester; but there are several capital Paul Potters. Of this artist, Mr. H. T. Hope sends (996) "A Man in a Barn," and a "Cattle-piece" (1006); the Queen, a "Stable Scene" (997); Mr. Walter, "Two Cows and a Bull" (998); and Mr. Holford and Mr. Sanderson each a picture of the same character. There are several Cuypers of average merit, of which we need only notice particularly a "Man holding a Horse" (764), from Buckingham Palace. The others are generally landscapes; but one, the property of Mr. Loyd (714), has for its subject "The Prince of Orange starting on a Coursing Expedition." The romantic and "cavalier" style of Philip Wouwerman may be studied very thoroughly at Manchester. Here, for instance, is his famous "Coup de Pistolet" (980), contributed by her Majesty; and the scarcely less celebrated "Cavalry Charge" (989), from the Fesch Gallery, which has passed into the ownership of Lord Ellesmere. Add to these "La Course au Harene" (988), belonging to Mr. Holford, and Miss Bredels' "Conduite des Dames pour la Chasse," if you would appreciate the character and artistic merits of this spirited and courtly painter. We may next notice the marine and landscape painters, such as Bakhuysen, the Van der Velde, Ruysdael, Hobbema, and Both. Of the style of the last of these, the "Muleteer" (719), belonging to Mr. Walter, is the best example at Manchester. The landscape (992) of Mr. Holford's, called the "Little Diamond," is a good specimen of Berghem, and 722, belonging to Lord

Hatherton, an equally characteristic one of Hobbema. Jacob Ruysdael, the master of Hobbema, is still better represented. His "Waterfall" (41), is one of the very choicest gems of the Hertford Collection, and there are twenty other examples of unusual merit. Among these we would signalize the charming landscape entitled "Solitude" (756), belonging to the Rev. F. Leicester; "Bentheim Castle, on the Rhine" (708), the property of Mr. Walter, a most exquisite picture; and another one of first-rate excellence, a "View of the Y," with a cloudy sky and agitated water (958), contributed by Mr. R. Forster. It is impossible, however, to enumerate all the admirable works of this very powerful artist. "Velvet," or, "Flower" Breughel, so called to distinguish him from his father and brother, who rejoice in the less agreeable surnames of "Peasant" and "Hell" Breughel, must not be omitted among Flemish landscape painters. His date is somewhat earlier than the last-named artists, but it is impossible to keep to a strictly chronological order among these painters. By him we find a scenic picture (543) belonging to Lord Spencer, and four *conceits* representing the elements (554), in which latter he is associated with Rottenhammer. The large "Sea-piece" (30), in the Hertford collection, is a masterpiece of William Van der Velde; and there are other fine examples of this master, so deservedly a favourite with English collectors. Among these we would particularize Lord Listowel's "Sea Fight" (879), Mr. Field's "Calm" (967), and Lord Yarborough's "Golden Devil" (669)—representing a half-length of Sir Phineas Pett and a view of his man-of-war. Mr. H. T. Hope contributes a splendid specimen of the other great marine painter, Ludolph Bakhuysen—a "Sea Coast with Boat taking in Cargo" (882)—showing a fresh gale and much shipping. The other specimens of this master seem comparatively unimportant.

Omitting a multitude of names of minor interest, and very difficult to be followed in any systematic order, owing to the confused arrangement of the pictures of this period—which have overflowed from the great south saloons to the staircase of the east gallery and the corridor leading to the railway station, where all styles and schools jostle each other in extreme confusion—we may now go to the Dutch painters of low life and *genre*, the choicest specimens of whose works are hung on a central screen in the Hertford Saloon. Of these, David Teniers the younger, who was their chief, was almost the only one who was not a Hollander by birth. The careful finish of his style, his coarse humour, and the intolerable vulgarity of his favourite subjects, are fully exemplified at Manchester. For instance, we have here "Four Boors at a Table" (1021), from Buckingham Palace, and the ordinary allowance of drunken orgies, and village revels, and guardroom debaucheries. In Lord Ward's picture (1022) of "Our Lord crowned with Thorns," we have an undoubtedly powerful, but a distressingly irreverent, specimen of this artist's achievements in a higher kind of subject. The *bambocciate* of the two Ostades and Adrian Brouwer, with their immediate followers, need not detain us. We pass on to Jan Steen, the tipsy publican, whose works, degraded as they are in aim and subject, have a certain racy humour which is absent from the insipid vulgarities of some of his contemporaries. His "Village School" (935), for which Lord Ellesmere is said to have given 1500*l.*, is one of his most famous productions. Mr. H. T. Hope's "Dinner" (936), and Mr. E. Loyd's "Artists in a Balcony" (932), should not be overlooked by such as wish to make themselves acquainted with his style. The picture called "The Effects of Intemperance"—what a subject for art!—does not tempt us to a description.

It is a relief to leave the pot-house for the purer atmosphere of the higher order of *genre* painters, headed by Terburg. A replica of his Hague picture, called the "Satin Gown," immortalized by the description of Goethe, is contributed (1049) by Lord Ellesmere. His "Council of Trent" (524), which can scarcely be rightly named, is a singularly treated composition, of small artistic value. Gerard Dow, superior to all his fellows in extraordinary minuteness of execution, is remarkable also for the innocent homeliness, and sometimes the comparative refinement, of his subjects. His "Girl at a Window" (1045), belonging to Mr. H. T. Hope, is a most beautiful specimen; and "La Ménagère"—more vulgarly, "a woman cleaning a saucepan"—from Buckingham Palace (1075), is very noticeable. An eminent pupil of his, Franz van Mieris, is represented by four excellent pictures at Manchester; of which "A Gentleman" (1073), belonging to Mr. H. T. Hope, is the most memorable. "The Intruder" (1059), by Metz, and "A Lady," in white satin, feeding a parrot at a window (1058), by Netscher, are capital pictures of their sort; and these, together with "Le Roi De trousse" (1052), a work of Schalken's, belonging to the Queen, and two first-rate specimens of Maas, "A Girl Sewing" (1071), and "The Listener" (1079), are the last of the masterpieces of Dutch *genre* painting which we need particularly specify.

Manchester possesses some average specimens of the school of landscape painters under which Paul Bril, Elzheimer, and Poelenburg may be classed. These, however, need not detain us from the more important French school of "heroic" landscape, founded by Nicholas Poussin, but derived, as was also the manner of these Flemish artists, from Annibale Carracci. Lord Hertford contributes noble specimens of each Poussin; the "Seasons" (35), by Nicholas, and "Tivoli" (36), by Gaspar. And there are a host of less important works by these artificial painters, as well in the academic style as in pure landscape, which are more than sufficient for the right estimate of their merits in the history of

art. There are next some lovely Claudes to be noticed, especially the "Poetical Landscape" (650), and the "Seaport" (655), from Windsor, a landscape contributed by Lord Westminster from Grosvenor House, and another (649), belonging to Lord Burlington, in which the distance is most deliciously toned, and the aerial perspective is most glowing and transparent. This will be, perhaps, the most convenient place to notice some other conspicuous names of French artists. The refined but feeble idealism of Philip de Champagne is admirably illustrated in the large altar-piece of the "Adoration of the Shepherds" (37) in the Hertford Gallery; and the still more insipid academic design of Mignard is exemplified in the "Woman of Samaria" (707), contributed by Lord Westminster—the composition so often reproduced on the embroidery frames of our grandmothers. The last French names to be specified are Watteau and Greuze. By the former there is a thoroughly characteristic "Fête Champêtre," from the Fesch Collection (27) in the Hertford Saloon; and the latter artist is represented by several of his peculiar female heads, graceful and vivid enough, but overdone with sentimentality, and finished in that hazy style of outline and colouring which found an imitator in our English painter Russell.

The painters whose speciality is architecture are but imperfectly represented at Manchester. We find, for instance, no Steenwyck and no Neefs in the collection. There is, however, a good interior of a church, by De Witte (806); besides two somewhat interesting pictures by Panini (832), and a variety of familiar views in London and Venice, by Canaletto.

There remains now only the Spanish school to be considered; and in this department the Manchester Exhibition is unusually rich, thanks to the collections of Mr. Stirling, Mr. Hoskins, and others. Morales of Badajoz, surnamed "El Divino" (1509—1586), is the first to be noticed; and of his works, the affecting "Head of our Saviour" (801) is the most remarkable. Many Spanish artists hitherto little known to English connoisseurs by name, and much less by their works, we must, for want of space, pass over with a mere enumeration. Such are Gutierrez, Luis de Vargas, Pacheco, De Moya, Iriarte, Antolinez, Joanez, and Orrente. Portraits of themselves, by El Mudo (216) and Carducho (516), both belonging to Mr. Stirling, should not be overlooked; and there is another exceedingly interesting likeness by De Sino (810) of Juan Palomino Velasco, the Vasari of Spain. Still better is "his own Portrait," by Juan de las Roelas (529), and the "Holy Family" by the same artist (530) is worth study. The specimens of Francisco Herrera, contributed by Mr. Stirling and Mr. Stephens, are not specially remarkable; but those of Alonzo Cano are of considerable beauty and importance. His "Madonna and Child" (762), belonging to Mr. Hoskins, is a thoroughly Spanish naturalistic picture, but very gracious and reverent. The artist's own portrait, with a skull on the table (748), from Mr. Stirling's collection, is finely treated. The Zurbarans, at which we have now arrived, are both numerous and excellent. There are no less than three Madonnas by this artist—Assumptions or Conceptions—all of them most striking and powerful. Of the three, the "Regina Angelorum" (778) seems to us the finest; quite naturalistic of course, as is always the case in Spanish art, but certainly reaching a very high, if not the highest, ideal of merely earthly and unspiritualized beauty. Lord Eleho's "Virgin in Glory" (793) is disappointing; the principal figure is a rather mean-looking young woman, and the two saints below are in melodramatic attitudes. With these should be compared the first-rate picture, belonging to the Speaker (796), of one of the two patron-saints of Seville—a richly-dressed Spanish maiden, with her *alcarrazas* at her feet. And the awful full-length figure of "St. Francis" (790), which reaches the furthest limit of ecstatic, if not insane, austerity and asceticism, will arrest every eye in the saloon where it hangs by its startling contrast to the beauty and gaiety surrounding it. With Zurbaran we may compare Francisco de Ribalta (1555—1628). His "Last Judgment" (526) and "St. John" (525) will attract but little sympathy; but the "Portraits of Himself and his Wife" (230), from Sir W. Eden's collection, are fascinating at once by their intensity and delightful expression. It is difficult to know which to select for notice from the magnificent portraits by Velasquez here assembled. Four from Lord Hertford's gallery are worthy of all praise—being two portraits of the Infant Don Balthazar Carlos, one of them on horseback, and two unknown likenesses of conspicuous power. The artistic merits of the portraits by this master quite rival their historical interest. So it is with the "Count-Duke Olivarez" (737), contributed by Colonel Baillie—in which, however, the evident truthfulness of the likeness carries with it conviction to the beholder. One of the very finest of Velasquez's portraits here is the unnamed "Nobleman" (780), belonging to Lord Stanhope. Two separate portraits of Philip IV. (779 and 728), and one of his Queen (738), must also be selected as being most remarkable. The almost idiotic boy, "the Cardinal Infant Don Ferdinand of Austria" (785) scarcely deserved such immortality. "Queen Mariana of Austria" (628), is a miracle of bad taste in every way; and among various figure pieces of this artist in another style, the "Venus" (787), belonging to Mr. Morritt, is an exception to the general modesty of Spanish design. Two very remarkable portraits by Carreno must claim our next notice. The half-length of Don John of Austria, Philip IV.'s natural son (749), is a noble portraiture; and the youthful "Charles II. of

Spain" (739), is a characteristic picture, in which the degenerate *physique* and fatuous expression of the Spanish line are most forcibly represented. At last we arrive at Murillo, for whose numerous and beautiful works a special vestibule is reserved at Manchester. No painter, perhaps, is so well illustrated as Murillo in the whole Exhibition. At least thirty of his pictures are here collected, many of which are masterpieces of the artist's various styles. In portraiture, we have two likenesses of himself; one as a young man (632), belonging to Mr. Marshall; the other, that most superb picture of Lord Spencer's (640), which will be remembered as so great an ornament of the British Institution a few years since. Lord Hertford contributes five glorious works by this master—of which "The Charity of St. Thomas of Villa Nueva" (2), and the "Adoration of the Shepherds" (1), are the most conspicuous. Of the rest we can only select a few of the most striking. Such are Sir Culling Eardley's "Madonna in Glory" (641), Mr. Staniforth's charming "Holy Family" (639)—so well known by engravings; Mr. Stirling's large composition of the "Blessed Virgin and Child with St. John" (637); Miss Burdett Coutts's "St. Anthony on his knees" (634); and Lord Eleho's "St. Augustine and the Infant Saviour" (622). Lord Overstone's "Virgin and Child" (642), brought from Spain by Mr. Ford, is a charming specimen of its kind; and Mr. Birchall's "Ecce Homo" (644), with Lord Overstone's exquisite "Head of the Saviour" on the Veronica (623), are of extraordinary beauty. The "Flight into Egypt" (643), belonging to Sir Culling Eardley, deserves special mention. It is of course eminently human and naturalistic, but full of pure and refined feeling; a Southern counterpart—it has always struck us—of that work-picture of a young mother and child with the guardian husband, which forms the striking introductory scene of the Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre. We need not linger on the unimportant specimens of Murillo's landscapes or *genre* painting to be found at Manchester. With these remarks on the Spanish school, so new to English eyes and so thoroughly represented in the present Exhibition, we conclude our notices of the extraordinarily fine collection of ancient masters that forms confessedly the greatest glory of the Manchester Palace.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

AT the last meeting of the Society a paper was read by Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, entitled *Account of the Construction of the New National Standard of Length, and of its Principal Copies*. The author premises that the work to which his account relates was executed almost entirely by Mr. Baily and Mr. Sheepshanks. The paper commences with a history of the British and Foreign Standards, and of the methods of using them in Base and Pendulum Measures anterior to the legalization of the Imperial Standards by the Act of Parliament of 1824. The first record cited is that of the laying down of the English standard yard on the Royal Society's brass bar, and allusion is made to the comparisons by Graham, Maskelyne, Roy, Shuckburgh, and others. The author then gives a description of the Comparisons of standards constructed between the passing of the Act of 1824 and the appointment of a Commission for the consideration of standards after the destruction of the Imperial Standard in 1834; with remarks suggested by the advance of collateral theory and experiments in that interval. The constructions of the Ordnance standard bars, and of the Royal Astronomical Society's tubular scale are described, and reference is made to the account of their comparisons. The result of the author's inquiry into the points of support of a bar proper for preventing extension of its upper surface by its flexure is given. The state of the science of standards in the year 1834 is then described as follows:—It had been shown that it was imprudent to trust to points or lines traced on the surface of a bar; and therefore supposing the standard to be a line measure, only two lines or points ought to be used, sunk to the middle of the bar's thickness. It had further been ascertained that it was imprudent to lay the bar upon a table, or upon fixed supports of any kind, and therefore the bar must be stiff enough to bear to be supported upon a few points at which rollers could be conveniently applied. The physical reference provided in the Act of Parliament of 1824 was erroneous in one particular, and doubtful in another; and as it seemed likely that similar uncertainties might be found in any other physical reference, the conviction was gradually rising that it would be better to trust for restoration to attested copies of the standard. The question of the propriety of adopting line-measure or end-measure for the national standard, which in this country had been practically decided in favour of line-measure, had again been raised by Bessel's adoption of end-measure, when in 1834 the fire at the Houses of Parliament destroyed the standard.

A Commission was now appointed by Government for the purpose of restoring the lost standard. The first report recommended the adoption of a material standard, without any reference to physical experiments, and that four copies should be made, of which one should be immured in the wall of a public building; also, that these copies should, by means of bars which had been compared with the old standard, be made, as nearly as possible, equal in length to the old standard, and that the superintendence of construction should be intrusted to a committee. These recommendations were adopted by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and led to the appointment of the superintending

committee, and of the late Mr. Baily, F.R.S., as immediate manager of the work. Mr. Baily made many experiments on the fitness of different alloys, and finally fixed upon a hard bronze, or gun-metal, as best for the standards. He then made numerous experiments on the thermometrical expansion of different metals, compared the various bars on which the restoration of the standard must depend, and proved that the Astronomical Society's tubular scale was not worthy of entire credit as a means of restoring the length of the old standard. Mr. Baily's death interrupted these inquiries. Generally, however, it appeared that it would be very undesirable to refer in any degree to Shuckburgh's scale (adopted by Kater as the scientific standard), inasmuch as there was no security whatever that, in retaining documentary or numerical expressions of measure founded on this scale, we were referring to a consistent system.

Mr. Sheepshanks, eminent for his mathematical attainments and distinguished as an astronomer, was now appointed to succeed Mr. Baily in the work of constructing a new standard of length. He made new thermometers, and a massive and highly-ingenious comparing apparatus, which he set up in a cellar in Somerset House, where he laboured gratuitously for many years on the delicate task assigned to him. Mr. Airy gives a full account of all Mr. Sheepshanks's experiments on the expansion of various metals, which were of the most elaborate nature, and extended from 1847 to 1855, when they ceased by his death.

The Astronomer-Royal now undertook the completion of the important national work, and superintended the completion of end-measure bars, which had been begun by Mr. Sheepshanks. The general principle of these bars is this:—If two end-bars have each a defining mark almost equally distant in the two bars from the middle of its length, and if the two bars are placed end to end, the longer segment of the one touching the shorter segment of the other, the distance between the two lines can be compared by microscopes with a line-standard. If the contacts be now made by the other ends, a similar comparison can be made. If the two results be added together, we have a comparison of the sum of the entire lengths of the two end-standards with double the length of the line-standard. This operation being performed so as to effect a comparison of the three pairs, which can be made from three end-standards (the sum of each pair being compared with the double line-standard), we have three simple equations, from which the lengths of the true end-standards can be deduced. The end-bars are constructed, some of bronze, some of iron or steel, but in all the ends are of agate, ground to the curvature of a large sphere, whose centre is the middle point of the bar. The lengths of three bronze end-bars and of four iron or steel end-bars were determined by this process.

Mr. Airy concludes his paper by giving a statement of the closing official proceedings connected with the construction of the national standard of length, together with extracts from the Act of Parliament legalizing the new standard, a table of standard temperatures for the compared bars, and an account of the disposal of the bars. The Act of Parliament (18 & 19 Vict. c. 72) requires the bar to be deposited at the Exchequer Office, and numbered 1, as being the genuine standard of the measure of length called a yard, and recognises four copies as available for restoration of the standard in case of loss. These copies are—No. 2, deposited at the Royal Mint; No. 3, in charge of the Royal Society, and now in a fire-proof vault in Burlington House; No. 4, immured in the cell of the recess on the east side of the lower waiting-hall in the New Palace at Westminster; and No. 5, deposited at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.

The total number of bars accurately compared is seventy-eight. Of these, four tubular scales were not the property of the British Government. Seven are end-measures—all the remainder are line measures. They have been distributed liberally to foreign Governments and to British offices. Several, however, remain at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, still disposable. The whole of the documents relating to the preparation and comparison of the standards are preserved at the Royal Observatory.

CAMMA.

CAMMA is the greatest of Madame Ristori's triumphs. There is no piece in her repertory in which she has so much to do, and is so constantly on the stage, or which exhibits so effectively the whole range of her powers. It has been written expressly for her by Signor Montanelli, and the author has been singularly happy both in the subject he has chosen, and in the mode of treating it which he has adopted. The mere outline of the plot at once shows, to those accustomed to Madame Ristori's performances, how ample must be the scope afforded her. The story is taken from the *Moralia* of Plutarch, and has been preserved almost unaltered in the drama. Camma is a priestess among the Celts of Galatia, and as a woman of noble character and extraordinary natural gifts, is the centre of the Druidical worship of the country. She is married to Sinato, tetrarch of Pessinus, and is secretly loved by a rival prince, called in the play Sinoro. The lover, unable to approach the pure Camma, who is devoted to her husband, kills Sinato by stealth, and then succeeding to the government of the district, woos Camma openly. At first she is overwhelmed by the awful blow that has fallen on her, but she soon determines to postpone sorrow to vengeance. She feels

convinced of the guilt of Sinoro, and she looks on it as a sacred duty to destroy him, not only because he is the murderer of her husband, but also because he has shown himself inclined to favour the invading Romans, and prove faithless to his country's gods. To gain her end, she affects to listen to the passionate entreaties of Sinoro, and manages to extract from him the avowal that it was for her love that he killed Sinato. To the amazement of her most trusted confidants she consents to marry the murderer. The marriage is celebrated with great solemnity and grandeur. A local rite demands that the bride shall bring a sacred cup from a temple and share its contents with the bridegroom. As Camma brings it forward, she drops poison into it, drinks the deadly draught herself, and then hands it to Sinoro. He drains the cup, and then she knows that her work is accomplished. She announces to the assembled multitude what she has done, proclaims the guilt of Sinoro, and he is led away to die. She herself yields before long to the effects of the poison, but she dies in a transport of beatific joy, conscious of the approval of the gods, and already seeing her Sinato waiting to welcome her into the regions of bliss.

In the first act, Camma comes before us as the happy wife, cheering the hours of her husband's absence by the assiduous celebration of religious rites. This part is expanded to a greater length than the exigencies of the plot require, in order, apparently, to give Madame Ristori an opportunity of displaying the tenderness, both of voice and manner, which is so marked a feature of her acting whenever the character of her part permits it, and which heightens by contrast the effect produced by her representation of the fiercer passions. When Camma first hears of her husband's death, her immediate thought is that it is in her power to rejoin him, and that she will hasten to kill herself. But when she learns that he has been treacherously assassinated, she bids death wait awhile, and exclaims that she will live for justice. She banishes all feminine affection from her heart, and becomes solely the avenging Druidess. As she says this, Camma gradually puts off her mood of tenderness, and becomes absorbed in the sterner emotions that possess her. She seems to penetrate into the invisible world, and to see the gods calling her to her appointed work. This is a very remarkable part of the play, and no one who has seen it can forget the look of frenzied abstraction with which Madame Ristori seems to glare into the vacancy of space as she exclaims that she sees, seated on his throne of rocks, the Divine Judge of departed souls. Sinoro enters, and then Camma is instantly endowed with a preternatural assurance that he is the murderer, and the curtain falls as she whispers to herself that her victim stands before her.

But the real burthen of the acting, and the real strength of the play, lie in the second act. It is there that Camma extracts from Sinoro the secret of his crime. She pretends that she is overpowered by a terrible desire to see and reward the man who, for her sake, has stained his soul so deeply, for she has been told by a dying prophetess of the tribe, that it was love for her that brought her husband to his bloody grave. Sinoro, scarcely daring to believe this, but persuaded by her earnestness and vehemence, tells her that he was the murderer. It is impossible to describe all that Madame Ristori's acting contains while this is going on. She shows to the audience the unutterable aversion and loathing she has for the wretch before her; and then, by a transition almost too quick for the eye to follow, she is smiling with a hollow and ghastly, but alluring, smile on Sinoro. At length the climax is reached. Sinoro, thinking to surpass the naked avowal of the murder, boasts that, maddened by jealousy, he tore out the dead man's heart, and still wears it as a record of his triumph. Camma, speaking aside, exclaims that she can contain herself no longer; but Sinoro, confident in the merits of his audacious love, asks her to crown his wishes, and to give him her hand as a pledge of their future union. With an expression of mixed joy, cruelty, hate, and exultation, she extends her hand after a moment's reluctance, and, suddenly clasping his, cries out in a voice that only the audience is supposed to hear, "Mia preda afferro." She grasps her prey, and secretly vows that his marriage bed shall be the tomb.

The third act contains the poisoning of Sinoro at the marriage, and the death of Camma. The former is made subordinate to the latter. Not but that the stately ceremony, the solemn introduction of the sacred cup, the strained watchfulness of Camma while Sinoro drinks the poison, and her burst of triumph when the deed is done, combine to make a very effective scene. But the stress of the act is thrown upon the representation of Camma's mental state after her thirst for vengeance has been satisfied. She is then the saint waiting for the reward she has earned by so fearful and devoted a sacrifice—the wife on the eve of again seeing her beloved husband, the patriot priestess longing to present herself before the gods whom she has taught her country to honour. It has obviously been the aim of the author to give a unity to his drama by recalling at the close the feelings which Camma inspired at the beginning, and to conclude by showing her on her softer and tenderer side. It is needless to say with what skill Madame Ristori embodies the aim of the dramatist, and how impressive is the final scene, in which Camma, as she lies dying, sees the heavens opened, and beholds her assembled dear ones greeting her—

Quale schiera di prodi, i cari in folla,
La madre, il padre mio, Sinato: al volo.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

IN one point of view, the great musical experiment which has been tried this week at Sydenham has proved a decided success. It has been shown that two thousand five hundred performers can be selected from the various musical societies, metropolitan and provincial, capable of rendering Handel's choruses with almost faultless precision; and from this fact, some opinion may be formed of the extent and depth of the musical cultivation now prevailing in England. It has also been shown that the difference of the distances at which the various individuals of this enormous band are placed with respect to the auditory does not perceptibly interfere with the effect of the music. The difficulty of keeping so large a number of singers and players under the strict control of the conductor's baton has been shown to be surmountable, and to Signor Costa our congratulations are due upon the courage and perseverance by which this result has been effected. The drawback to the perfection of the performance lies in this—that many of the vocal solo parts and the piano passages of the accompaniments are, at no great distance from the orchestra, wholly or nearly inaudible, and that even the choruses have not the same brilliancy and resonance which they usually have in apartments of limited size. As far as musical effect alone is concerned, we had far rather hear Handel's oratorios performed by a fifth part of the number of well-trained musicians in a hall of ordinary dimensions. In the nice adaptation of means to ends our musical arrangements are far from perfection at present. In the ordinary performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall, we believe the numbers to be much too large. At Sydenham, probably, the number of performers might have been doubled without adding materially to the effect. The vast space through which the sound has to pass, the want of confining surfaces, and the currents of air which permeate the building, are causes sufficient to account for this.

The festival commenced on Monday with the oratorio of *Messiah*. A general preliminary rehearsal had taken place on the preceding Saturday, and some useful hints for the subsequent performances appear to have been taken from the experiment then made. The overture having been played, Mr. Sims Reeves commenced the recitative, "Comfort ye my people," much of which was to us inaudible, while the movements of Signor Costa alone made it evident that instrumental accompaniments were going on. The same was the case in the recitative, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts," sung by Mr. Weiss; and throughout the performances, these intervals of dumb-show took place repeatedly, whenever a passage occurred requiring delicacy or tenderness of expression. The choruses, however, were audible and clear, and seemed to gather strength as the oratorio proceeded. In the commencement of the chorus, "Unto us a child is born," Signor Costa judiciously discarded that extreme pianissimo which he has been in the habit of exacting; and this grand piece produced a great effect—the more so, no doubt, from its following a series of recitatives and airs, of which the effect had been entirely lost. A considerable attempt to encore it was made; but, if the demand reached the ear of Signor Costa, it was disregarded by him, and the Pastoral Symphony was proceeded with. The clear voice of Madame Clara Novello gave effect to the recitative, "And the angel said unto them, fear not;" but the rapid passages of the air "Rejoice greatly" did not tell well. The airs, "He was despised," sung by Miss Dolby, and "Behold, and see," by Mr. Sims Reeves, not admitting of being shouted with the utmost power of the singers' lungs, can only have been effective to those of the audience who sat near to the orchestra. To the larger part they were a mere blank. Some amends were made by the chorus, "Lift up your heads," and, above all, by the grand "Hallelujah," both of which were sung admirably. In the third part of the piece, Mr. T. Harper's performance of the trumpet obligato was highly successful.

On Wednesday Her Majesty was present, and on this occasion the oratorio of *Judas Maccabeus* was performed. Some modifications in the arrangements were made, and additional means taken to prevent the escape and waste of sound, and the performance was throughout incomparably more effective than that of Monday. The music of *Judas Maccabeus* does not present the same species of difficulties as that of the *Messiah*, and the solo singers perhaps took the measurement of the distance better. However this may be, there were none of those breaches of continuity which occurred on the first occasion. The soloists were Madame Clara Novello, Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Formes, who all exerted themselves to the utmost. In the air, "Call forth thy powers, my soul," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, the orchestral accompaniments, amongst which we fancied we traced some additions of Signor Costa, were but slightly audible, and the same was the case in several other songs. The choruses were the grand feature, and these were executed with wonderful precision. An unaccompanied passage in the commencement of the chorus "O Father, whose almighty power," pealed forth with extraordinary grandeur. "See the conquering hero comes" was vigorously encoired by the audience, and, in obedience to a signal from the Royal box, this piece was repeated. After the termination of the oratorio, the Old Hundredth Psalm was sung with magnificent effect.

The view presented by the great transept, in which on Wednesday probably from ten to fifteen thousand people were assembled, exclusive of the orchestra and chorus consisting of two thousand five hundred persons, was very striking, and one which will not be easily forgotten by those who beheld it. The beauty of the weather, and the delicious supply of fresh air—an atmosphere so different from that of an ordinary concert-room—contributed to the enjoyment of the music, although the rustling of the wind through the louver-boards, and the strong currents prevailing in divers parts, were probably not the least powerful causes of the deterioration of the sound. The present Festival, it will be remembered, is but a preliminary to one upon a still more extensive scale, if possible, which is intended to take place in 1859, the centenary of Handel's death. Much may probably be done to improve the acoustic conditions of the transept when that occasion arrives. It is, however, pretty evident that it can never be well adapted for the finer and more delicate kinds of musical effect. Instruments and voices alike lose their *timbre*—gradations of piano and pianissimo become impossible—and only loud choral passages, the slower and simpler the better, produce an impression even approximately commensurate with the resources employed.

SURREY GARDENS.

M. JULLIEN has seized the opportunity of the assemblage of amateurs drawn together by the Handel Festival, to give a ten days' series of concerts at the Surrey Gardens, in the course of which due honour has been done to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, not forgetting Rossini and Verdi, the popular opera-manufacturer of the day. The talents of the permanent members of M. Jullien's orchestra are well known, comprising such names as those of Kœnig, Lavigne, Collinet, &c. On the present occasion he has the assistance of such able performers as Miss Arabella Goddard, Sivori, Ernst, Piatti, Bottesini, and numerous others of scarcely less reputation. Tuesday evening was dedicated to Mozart, when selections from the operas of *Zauberflöte* and *Don Giovanni* were performed. The Jupiter Symphony was played, and Miss Arabella Goddard gave the concerto in C minor with which she recently delighted the Philharmonic audience. Nothing can be a more decided proof of the wide-spread love of genuine music than the attention with which this piece was listened to by the audience assembled at the Surrey Gardens.

REVIEWS.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

WE may begin our notice of German books for this month by recommending very strongly the important work called *Spanische Chrestomathie*,* which has just appeared at Leipzig, and which its author intends, it would seem, to have translated both into French and English. M. Boock-Arkossy found that while the booksellers' shops were swarming with manuals of the literature of the more advanced countries of Europe, nothing was more difficult than to obtain information about the Spanish authors of the last half century. He set to work accordingly, and collected a large series of extracts from their compositions. To this he added notices of their lives and a critical essay, completing the whole by such linguistic helps as he thought necessary to make his work a useful handbook for persons who, having mastered the first difficulties of Spanish, intend to inform themselves, not about the history and the classical writers of Spain, but about that country as it is and is to be. French influences have done much to modify the character of modern Spanish, and the shortest road even for those who wish to know merely the literature of Spain is to begin with the easier spoken language, and so to pass to the more difficult phraseology of the great authors. For one Englishman, however, who reads Spanish for the purposes of the scholar, there are five who read it for those of the merchant; and to all such this book ought to be more especially welcome. We hope, ere long, to see an English translation of it in many libraries, upon the same shelf as Mr. Ford's incomparable Handbook.

Roumanische Volkspoesie† is, like the works of Mr. Stanley and M. Ubicini, which we have already noticed in these columns, an attempt to introduce the countries of the West to the poetry of the Danubian Principalities. Its author, W. von Kotzebue, has lived for many years in Moldavia, and is a friend of M. Alexandri, to whose labours we owe the collection and translation into French of the old Rouman ballads, as well as some original poems. The task, we may remark, of picking up here a line and there a line from the lips of peasants, beggars, and gipsy-girls, is no easy one. We do not remember to have seen the ballad from which the following lines are taken. It lives in the mouths of the people as a prose legend, and owes its poetical form to M. Alexandri and his translator:—

* *Spanische Chrestomathie*. Hand und Hilfs-buch der Spanischen Sprache und Litteratur im XIX. Jahrhundert. Von Friedrich Boock-Arkossy. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Roumanische Volkspoesie*. Deutsch, von W. V. Kotzebue. Berlin: Decker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

Reiht euch, Perlen, zart und hold
Auf des Fadens schimmernd gold,
Wie die Thränen meines Kammers
Sich auf jeden Lichtstrahl reihen!

Reiht euch, Perlen, zart und hold
Auf des Fadens schimmernd gold,
Wie sich endlos meine Tage
Auf die Bahn des Schmerzes reihen!

Reiht euch, Perlen, zart und hold
Auf des Fadens schimmernd gold,
Bis der armen Mutter Sehnsucht
In die Erde sie versenken!

Mr. Schwebemeyer's* treatise upon English Joint Stock Companies, Insurance Companies, and other cognate subjects, is a product of the increased attention to material interests which has of late been so remarkably manifested in Germany. Its author hardly looks, we presume, for many readers on this side of the North Sea.

Where Mr. August Boeckh† expects to find a public anxious to hear about the lunar cycles of the Greeks, we cannot pretend even to guess. That he is likely to interest some people we infer from the fact that the book before us is not the first which he has published upon the same subject. It would be curious to know the statistics of the sale of such a work. We believe that it sometimes happens with regard to publications of this very special character, that individual scholars in Germany know the names of every person into whose hands a copy has passed.

Hilgenfeld's *Apocalyptic Literature of the Jews*† is in a different position, because, although the territory which it covers is one into which few care to make excursions, it lies on the borders of some regions which every one must traverse. Its author belongs to the school which is headed by Baur of Tübingen; but, like Volkmar and others, he by no means subscribes to all the opinions of his master. His contributions to Biblical literature have been very numerous. We may mention his treatises on the *Speaking with Tongues*, and on the *Clementines*. In his present work, which is dedicated to the reigning Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, "the exalted protector of Protestant spiritual freedom," Dr. Hilgenfeld examines the Book of Daniel, and the very remarkable poem known as the prophecy of the Jewish Sibyl, which was the work of an Alexandrian Jew, and which may be read, either in Greek or German, in the edition of Friedlieb. This production was the channel through which the language of Isaiah found its way into Virgil's fourth eclogue. Next comes a most elaborate dissertation on the Book of Enoch, known to most readers from the allusion to it in the Epistle of St. Jude. This very extraordinary work, which is frequently alluded to by the Fathers, was long forgotten, and emerged from its obscurity only in 1821, when it was translated from an Ethiopic manuscript, which had been brought to Europe by Bruce, and published at Oxford. It is probable that it was originally written in Hebrew, and then rendered into Greek, so that we have it only at third hand. Hence it is all the more difficult to discover how much of its contents belong to the apocalyptic literature of Judaism, and how much is to be referred to Christian times. These, and many other points, are discussed at length by Dr. Hilgenfeld. From considering the Book of Enoch, he passes to the Apocalypse of Ezra, familiar, at least in name, to English readers, as the Fourth Book of Esdras. The translation of this venerable composition which appears in our Apocrypha was made from a Latin version; but, in modern times, several other very ancient translations of it have been found, which have been of considerable service in enabling scholars to approximate to the original Greek text. A long and careful essay upon the Essenes, and an appendix upon the Gnostic system of Basilides, which is connected with Dr. Hilgenfeld's subject by means of the alterations which were made in the original Book of Enoch, concludes this laborious and important work which, amongst its other merits, possesses that of shortness. It contains only about 300 pages.

We thought that we had discovered a political pamphlet, in a small book dedicated to the King of Prussia. This is not so. The *History of the Origin of Magna Charta*§ is a very innocent little monograph, rich in references to authorities, and addressed only to those who wish minute information about a great historical event. We do not know whether the author or his printer is to be blamed for a wonderful blunder which occurs in his pages. The words of Hume—"the character of this prince"—are transformed in page 41, into "the character of this principle."

Immensee|| is one of those stories which vindicate for the Germans their title to be the lords of the air. So slight, so impalpable is its tissue, so much does it depend for its effect upon

awakening a vague feeling, which is not pain, nor yet pleasure, that we are almost tempted to think that it is not written at all, but woven out of the mist-wreaths of the evening. It opens with an old man gazing upon a picture, and recalling the history of his youth. It ends thus:—

The moon shone no more through the window-pane. It had grown dark; but the old man sat on still in his arm-chair, with folded hands, looking into vacancy. Gradually the black twilight around him changed into a wide dark mere. One breadth of black water spread behind another, ever deeper and farther, and upon the last, so far away that the eyes of the old man scarcely reached it, there swam, alone amongst broad leaves, one snowy water-lily.

The door opened, and a bright gleam of light fell into the room. "It is well that you have come, Bridget," said the old man. "Put the candle upon the table." Then he drew his chair to the table, took one of the open books, and buried himself in those studies to which he had once given the strength of his youth.

We are reminded by this book of a strange incident of real life. In a small collection of pictures in a private house at Dresden, we stopped one day before the portrait of a lady, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. "That picture," said the owner, "came into my possession in a curious way. It belonged to an English gentleman who travelled much on the Continent, stopping now here, now there, for a few months. When he made a halt he unrolled the picture, and had it fixed in his room, opposite the place where he sat. After a residence of some time at Vienna, he went to Italy, leaving behind him, amongst other things, this picture, with directions that if he did not return within a certain time, all was to become the property of an old servant who was left in charge. The time passed away, and the picture disposed of by its new owner, passed into the hands in which you see it."

The author of *Englische Freiheit** is, we believe, a brother of the better known Bruno Bauer. His work consists of a series of letters written from London in 1856, and treating of many English things and persons, from Lord Derby to Mr. Redpath. They are composed in that easy and readable style which the *littérateurs* of Germany have now thoroughly learned, and which we heartily wish the *litterati* would borrow from them.

The ten short pieces which make up the small volume called *Die Dresdener Gallerie*† are intended to add interest to some of the pictures in the great Dresden collection by connecting them with romantic incidents, true or false, in the life of the old painters, who, as the author significantly observes, "nicht immer alte Maler waren." If we may judge from the one which we have read, "The Grave of the Jew," a story founded upon a landscape of Ruissdael's, they do not rise above mediocrity.

Gregorovius will interest, by his work upon Goethe's Wilhelm Meister,‡ a different class of readers from that to which he appeals in his historical studies. He believes Wilhelm Meister to be "eine sociale Dichtung," and looks in its pages for all sorts of hidden meanings. Of the great poet he says very characteristically:—

Goethe had not the fiery loving heart of Schiller, he was no martyr of mankind, like Socrates, Huss, Columbus, or Savonarola. He loved men more than mankind; still he died gazing upon the ideal—like Moses, almost at the close of the travel-years of his people, on the top of the frontier-mountain of a new time, prophesying of the country which the Gods had resolved to give as a land of rest to humanity.

Some persons, as they read this passage, will recal some hopeful words written near the close of the last age—"And over the evening gate of this century stands written, Here is the way to virtue and wisdom, as over the Evening gate of Cherson, Here is the way to Byzance." The book before us is a second edition—the first edition was published in 1849, at the time of the Centenary festival of Goethe's birth. Germany did not advance so rapidly as some other countries between 1800 and 1849, but it did advance sufficiently to give a wise man courage to repeat the hopeful saying of Jean Paul, heedless of the sarcasm which it seems to convey to those who read it in a desponding humour.

Those who like stories§ of German village life will find such in a harmless little collection published at Halle by the authoress of the *Tagebuch eines armen Fräuleins*. We do not think that the volume will be attractive to many English readers. This cannot be said of *Rahel und ihre Zeit*|| a work which has just reached us from Leipzig. It is a biographical study rather than a life, and aims more at appreciating the character and influence than at describing the actions of the gifted woman of whom it treats. In order to do this its author has to introduce sketches of many of the most eminent persons who directed the course of European thought and history from 1789 to 1830, from Mirabeau to Thiers. Rahel was born in 1771, and she died in 1833. The active period of her life, as her biographer remarks, is "framed between two revolutions."

Dr. Laemmer¶ of Berlin invites us to contemplate a very diffi-

* *Das Actien, Gesellschaft-Bank-und-Versicherungs-Wesen-in-England*. Dargestellt von Carl Schwebemeyer. Berlin: Springer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Epigraphisch-chronologische Studien*. Zweiter Beitrag zur Geschichte der Monarchen der Hellenen. Von August Boeckh. Leipzig: Trübner. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Die Jüdische Apokalypstik, in ihrer geschichtlichen Entwicklung*. Ein Beitrag zur Vorgeschichte des Christenthums nebst einem Anhang über das Gnostische System des Basilides. Von Dr. A. Hilgenfeld. Jena: Mauke. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

§ *Die Entstehungs-Geschichte der Magna Charta*. Von T. Lau. Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe. London: Trübner.

|| *Immensee*. Von W. Storm. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

* *Englische Freiheit*. Von Edgar Bauer. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

† *Die Dresdener Gallerie, Geschichten und Bilder*. Von A. von Sternberg. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

‡ *Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, in seinem socialistischen Elementem entwickelt von Ferdinand Gregorovius*. Zweite Ausgabe. Schwab Hall: Fischhaber. London: Williams and Norgate. 1855.

§ *Erzählungen*. Von der Verfasserin von "Martha die Stiefmutter." Tagebuch eines armen Fräuleins, u. s. w. Drittes und viertes Heft. Halle: Mühlmann. London: Williams and Norgate. 1854.

|| *Rahel und ihre Zeit*. Von Eduard Schmidt-Weissenfels. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

¶ *Papst Nikolaus der Erste, und die byzantinische Staats-Kirche seiner Zeit*. Eine Kirchen-geschichtliche Skizze von Dr. Hugo Laemmer. Berlin: Wiegand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

rent person, one of the central figures of another stirring time. This is Pope Nicholas I., who ascended the papal chair in 858. The nine years during which he exercised his high functions were the most important during the whole long period which intervened between the first and the seventh Gregory. Nicholas began the series of the "crowned" as distinguished from the merely "consecrated" Popes. The small but most laborious monograph before us is devoted chiefly to his struggle with the able Photius and the great rival church at Byzantium.

CARLYLE'S CROMWELL.*

THE new edition of Mr. Carlyle's *Cromwell* can scarcely be said to need either introduction or praise. That the works of the great Republican hero appeared at last under such auspices, was the best reparation for the long neglect which had buried them in museums, or scattered them through the pages of dull and inaccessible books. Those who had found it difficult to understand Mr. Carlyle's admiration of Goethe and Mirabeau were glad that his genuine reverence for the better part of humanity had at length discovered a more fitting object. It was pleasant, too, to perceive that the philosopher, whose sphere of thought had isolated him from the belief of his own times, was yet able to find honour and sympathy for the simple Puritan creed. And those who had only looked for vigorous eloquence and brilliant introductory passages were glad to learn that a man of genius could rival the heaviest drudge in successful research. Both for the labour which has supplied so much, and for the judgment and taste which have omitted irrelevant matter, the thanks of all who follow him are due to the conscientious editor. But an original thinker can lay hands on nothing which he does not in some sort make his own. The Commonwealth and its chieftain are only raised again to stand out in substance and life from that world of shadows which we are apt to call history, that they may restore to us the lost ideal of a great society. They are the Utopia which has been with us, which we lost, and which we seek—their record is "the last glimpse of the godlike vanishing from this England." Hence the question of the truth of these conclusions is not so much matter of archaeological discussion as of grave inquiry to all who respect themselves. Whether the hero and the times were altogether what they seem to Mr. Carlyle, is a question which only history can solve. With this the author's conclusions must stand or fall. Whether they have another truth of themselves, independent, perhaps, of an ill-chosen illustration, is a matter which only time and the conscience of men can declare.

"Oliver's character," says Mr. Carlyle, "and that of Oliver's performance in this world—here best of all may we expect to read it, whatsoever it was." Again, "These are the words this man found suitable to represent the things themselves around him and in him, of which we seek a history;" and "To get at these direct utterances of his, is to get at the very heart of the business." Similar estimates of the value of this description of evidence are very current at the present day, though it is not often that they are so clearly and fully stated. They underlie one-half the criticisms by which the connexion of facts is remodelled, or decayed character rehabilitated. For many reasons, it is very necessary that they should be reduced to juster proportions. The writings and stock phrases of any imaginative man represent, even where he is quite sincere, not so much what he is, as what he wishes to be. In one sense, no doubt, it is the better part of our natures which is thus expressed; but it is very unsafe to argue from thought to fact, or to believe that any man will preserve his purpose unimpaired through the trials and obstructions of life in the world. He may be impressible and moulded by others, or ambitious and led astray by circumstances, or, by the insensible growth of egotism, he may labour for himself, while his very conscience scarcely knows that he has given up his devotion to an idea. Again, persons and occupations must be discriminated. To a thinking man, his conceptions and the words that embody them are facts. Hence, in the letters of Luther and Arnold, we are reading the men themselves. But words are a difficult material, which a man of action does not readily put into shape. His style will probably be clear and nervous for the common uses of practical life—for despatches or letters of business. It will almost certainly be involved and obscure where an argument has to be disentangled, or where thoughts somewhat distantly connected are brought to bear upon a common point which the author has arrived at by instinct rather than logic. And in this perplexity, the helpless statesman will commonly fall back upon the conventional phraseology of his faction—clothing new thoughts in the hackneyed language of an old formalism, not because he wishes to deceive, but because he must work with the materials nearest at hand. Cromwell's letters, therefore, give us the army and the Commonwealth more truly than the man. The strength and solidity of the style are purely his own; but the finer features of private life, and the nice gradations of moral change that passed across him as he struggled upwards to a throne, can only be tortured out of his words by the subtle exegesis of an editor. His letters nowhere show him as the boisterous humorist who spirted ink over Martyn and bolstered Ludlow—nowhere light up the fulness and depth of his household affections. And, partly no doubt because

it breaks off so soon, we nowhere find in his correspondence those deep misgivings which haunted his later years, whether that spiritual growth which had twined itself about royalty could be real. Even, therefore, were the nature of the proof satisfactory, it could hardly be accepted in a case where it extends only over a few years, whilst we have to judge a life. All these considerations apply with even greater force to the speeches, which are, by profession and purport, State documents.

This question of evidence is important, because with it must stand or fall great part of Mr. Carlyle's estimate of his hero. Misled, we think, by the nature of utterances which were rather those of the time than of the man, he has found in Cromwell a simplicity of purpose which really reflects the leading thought of the conquering people, but in no sense adequately explains the shifting phases and motives of an intricate character. Then, too, it was natural for a large-hearted man to overlook altogether the shuffles and by-play of ambition with which party scribblers had overlaid the Protector's greatness. Between the two schools of history there is, of course, no comparison. But it is not enough for Mr. Carlyle's reputation that he has trampled down "Carrion Heath," or corrected Clarendon. He has played the artist where he should have been the observer—he has given us the colossal calm of a statue, instead of the play of features and the workings of life. Cromwell is brought before us at first, "with a noble sorrow, with a noble patience longing towards the mark of the prize of the high calling." This type only deepens as we proceed. It has been thought a suspicious circumstance that the general who had supported the Self-denying Ordinance on the ground that the soldiers "did not idolize him, but looked to the cause they fought for," was yet from the first retained in command, on the plea that the troops could not dispense with his services. It is surely an awkward excuse to say, of a patriot and rising officer, that "to Cromwell himself there was no overpowering felicity in getting out to be shot at." The intercepted despatches of the King from Hampton Court have been accepted by Guizot and others as among the motives for that tragedy which Cromwell inaugurated with brutal buffoonery at Whitehall. No doubt the act itself was one which the best man might consent to from the purest motives. But it was hardly fair to omit the qualifying circumstances from the record of Cromwell's life, and simply to class him, by implication, as "the august judge, pronouncer of God's oracles to men." The defence of the campaigns in Ireland is, for the most part, complete and satisfactory.

But we are soon thrown back upon difficulties. When the Long Parliament had been forcibly dispossessed of the power which it had made as intolerable as royalty itself, the Little Parliament, which had begun to work thoughtfully and well—and which perhaps, more than any other assembly, understood the wants of the time—was suddenly, almost causelessly, dismissed into private life. Mr. Carlyle does not sympathize with the doers of "routine business" "in a quite unexceptionable, or even a superior manner." He admits that the new assembly was struggling "towards real Christianity," but, "for reasons evident, and for reasons not evident, there could be no success according to that method." So it dies with scarcely an epitaph. The labours of the dizzy ascent are over, and Cromwell is Protector. "Here and there in the outer world too, there is a due throne for the noble man, which let him see well that he seize and valiantly defend against all men and things." The question of the title of king follows; and here the assumption of courtly ceremonial, the restoration of an Upper House, the thought of Charles Stuart as a son-in-law, must surely be weighed in the balance against official declarations, before we consent to see only "a soul of a man in right earnest about its own awful life and work in this world, much superior to feathers in the hat." Even for the nomination of an incapable eldest son as successor, the charity that hopes and believes all things can find excuse:—"In ten years' time, had ten years more been granted, Richard might have become a fitter man; might have been cancelled, if palpably unfit; or perhaps it was Fleetwood's name, and the paper by certain parties was stolen. None know."

Views such as these are arrived at by the simplest logic of the feelings. Cromwell was a great man, and he could not have been so if he had not been true to himself always and everywhere—this is the argument. It cannot be met by the direct negative. It would be worse to fall back on the old staple lie of our histories, that he was throughout a master-workman in statesmanlike hypocrisy, because he sometimes trod downwards through principle to power. In fact, the common view of those who have no theory to defend is at once the wisest and the best. No man is moulded out of one substance; and in proportion as he is great, will the subtle elements of humanity be variously blended within him. Hence, in those whose perceptions and sympathies are keener than their purpose is strong, there exists a strange weakness, which seems, and sometimes passes into, insincerity. Others, who are truer to their first principle of growth, change only as this changes—silently, but withal so completely that they seem to carry their past years along with them, and incorporate their other life with the present. Scarcely do they themselves know, except by the terror with which they shrink from self-questioning, that they have lapsed from a higher into a lower sphere of life. Something of greatness still consecrates their impulses and their acts, like "the faded splendour wan" of the ruined archangel. There are times in the moral life of all when the consciousness of past virtues is as perilous as any vice could be. And none are more liable to

* *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations.* By Thomas Carlyle. London: Chapman and Hall.

lose sight of themselves unconsciously than men of action whose first moments of reflection come when the wave of a great movement has lifted them into the leadership of a cause. Partly because they have seen their own success identified practically with that of their ideas, partly because men around them confound the two, and partly because they are impatient of the imbecility and obstacles that beset them, they begin to labour for a triumph of truth, which is to govern its kingdom through them. Cromwell's melancholy formula—"I am sure that once I was in a state of grace," is the epitaph of his grand and genuine life. Had he never nursed himself in that certainty, he would never have lived to look back upon it as consolation. Could his separate acts be explained away as Mr. Carlyle has attempted in separate refutations, there would yet remain conclusive evidence which Mr. Carlyle has suggested but not followed out. "The works of a man do not perish. What of heroism, what of eternal light was in a man, is, with very great exactness, added to the eternities." Abolished tyrannies of the Star Chamber and Laud, a belief in the responsibility of kings, a reverence for armed Protestantism among the Piedmontese, in Spain, and at the Vatican, are honours which, no doubt, were reaped by Cromwell rather than any other man of the day. Was this all, however, that the age had a right to expect of him? Was it nothing that Ludlow, Hollis, and Hutchinson, the purest apostles of the new faith, withdrew from fellowship with the power which had shattered the work of their lives? Did not the vindication of English liberty abroad too often pass into the bluster of "Cives Romani," so that Blake himself was ashamed of it? Did not freedom become impossible for thirty years after Cromwell's death, in England? Was not his memory the excuse for Uniformity and Test and Five-mile Acts, for standing armies, illegal taxation, and bribed or bullied Parliaments? Did not the few years' pageant of republican royalty prepare the people who had submitted to it for the degradation of Charles Stuart and his Court?

In Mr. Carlyle's History—and it is one proof that he is a great artist—we never lose sight of political and moral theories by which the thinker of to-day has anchored himself to the past. The worship of strength has become the religion of a school. Sometimes it declares itself in a contempt for constitutional forms, which no doubt are inefficient where the life they express is feeble. But, in all honesty, a nation must stand or fall by itself. If its laws or its governors be wiser than the popular instinct can apprehend, they are a lie which the nation will disclaim by open revolt or silent disregard. The wise and strong must compromise with the errors of the weak—must suffer for crimes and frailties which are not their own. And whilst, for Mr. Carlyle, the sovereignty of the one man over the many would be fairly determined by the question of relative magnitudes, the doctrine assumes a very different form among his followers. The even action of a rational bureaucracy, the substitution of mechanism for the irregular movements of life, are theories which have a certain smoothness on paper, and suit politicians of the closet. The tyranny of a great man may command the enthusiasm of Milton, and strike its roots into religion and household life. But imperialism in its meaner form can have no alliance with genius, or real sympathy with the people. It must look to institutions for aid, and choose out the less human of these—the army, the Bourse, and the foreign legion in the Church. As worthless, because as unreal, is the attempt to carry a certain sanctity and tone into special actions of life—as if anything done were not worthy to be done manfully, or as if unconsciousness and silence were not nobler accompaniments of duty than garrulous demonstration. The affectation of earnestness is the worst cant of the times. Society, which is wiser and deeper than any individual, has entrenched the reserve of private thought behind conventional forms. At the sacrifice of some enthusiasm, perhaps not very costly, we maintain the self-respect of all, and reduce the aggressive anarchy of thought to law. Their "deep utterances," and "convictions," and "heroisms," had better remain unspoken till they can find a noiseless expression in homely but real life.

LE CADET DE COLOBRIERES.*

JUST as the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, and the Minerva Press in general, produced a reaction against the thrilling-incident school which has since confined that class of writing to the publications of Mr. G. Reynolds and the drama of the Surrey side, so now French fiction is emancipating itself from the dominion of MM. Dumas and Eugène Sue. But it seems to be incapable of that delicate portraiture of character by means of which the English novelists of this century have supplied the lack of thrilling incidents. Take as an illustration the drawing of the lovers in a French novel. The character is a difficult one to draw, because it presents human beings under the influence of a passion whose manifestations are singularly monotonous, and yet which has been incessantly described by poets of every degree ever since poetry began. But a French lover is absolutely destitute of character. He is a mere love-making machine, whom nature seems to have fitted for no other end but to fall in love, sentimentalize, propose, and disappear. He is as thoroughly made to order after a conventional pattern as a Grecian nymph or a brown beer-jug. There is as much difference between the Victor

of one novel and the Alphonse of another as there is between the brave Gyas and the brave Cloanthus. It might be discourteous to discuss whether this blemish arises from the absence of perception in the French writers, or of individual character in the French people. But it is difficult to conceive a special blindness on one single point in authors whose pens are so marvelously graphic in portraying the still life of nature or of art. It seems easier to attribute the uniformity of type to the pitiless compression of the political machine. The French Government has been virtually a despotism time out of mind, with a very minute and fitful interval of freedom. And, in its effect upon individuality, a despotism is like a Dutch garden—the well-clipped yews make exquisitely shady walks, but you never can tell one yew-tree from another.

Whatever the cause, French novelists who nauseate the glut of melodramatic situations in which their predecessors revelled, are precluded from falling back on the resource with which Miss Austen was able to overthrow the dreary reign of Mrs. Radcliffe. So they have no resource but to write "with a purpose"—to select some fault to censure, or some eccentricity to ridicule, and to gibbet it in exaggerated deformity. This method of treatment is untruthful, and, therefore, in an artistic sense, defective—it ruffles the serene surface in which nature should be mirrored—but it possesses a moral value as well as a piquancy of flavour, which may well outweigh these faults. The pride of lineage, which in the present case is Madame Reybaud's mark, has always been a tempting theme for satirists. The pretension is so empty, and yet the victim of the delusion is so perfectly taken in—is so complacently satisfied that he is of purer and sweeter mud than his fellow-men—that the aid of caricature is scarcely needed to set off the absurdity. It has been for some time out of date in England, except in a few secluded circles. Serious meditation has long convinced our upper classes that, in all probability, the peasantry have had male progenitors as well as the aristocracy; and that a gentleman's ancestor having come over with the Conqueror—in other words, having been certainly a robber, and probably a rake—is no absolute guarantee of the virtues of his descendant. But in France, the pedigree mania lasted down to the very eve of the Revolution. That a man without a virtue, or an idea, or a penny beyond the bare necessities of life should, on the ground that his ancestor had been a free-booter on the same spot a thousand years before, strut about as if he was a being of a different nature from his neighbours, and should hold them too cheap to marry them to his own beggar children, was no unknown phenomenon in the provinces of France during the ancient régime. In the Baron de Colobrières, Madame Reybaud introduces us to an amiable specimen of these lunatics. The ancestor of the Colobrières had been a warlike chieftain at the time that the alternative between Europe Mahometan and Europe Christian was decided by Charles Martel on the banks of the Loire. The law of chances assigns a certain number of debauches to every pedigree, whence comes the result that the oldest houses are commonly the poorest. This had been the fate of the Colobrières. Their pleasures had squandered what their valour had won; and their last representative, at the date of the story (about 1788), had nothing left but a dilapidated chateau, perched on the top of a sterile flinty hill. The wind had torn off the shutters and broken the windows; the rain had battered down the roof and mouldered away the ceilings; but the Baron and his family could just find shelter in the few rooms which time and weather had not made uninhabitable. Their food was little else than rye-bread and eggs, and such game as their arid domain supported. Their clothing consisted mainly of old curtains made up into garments by the Baroness's thrifty needle. But in spite of all this, the Baron made shift to maintain, if not the grandeur, at least the haughtiness of his race. They had been too poor to marry in their class; but they were far too well brought-up to marry out of it. None of the Colobrières, with one exception, had tainted their ancient blood by mingling it with the baser fluid of *roturiers*. Generation after generation, the men had either become monks or soldiers of fortune—the women had resignedly entombed themselves in nunneries—*aucun ne manqua à sa noblesse*. But there had been one exception. The Baron's own sister, Agatha, shrank from the hypocrisy of assuming the garb of devotion in order to spare the pride of poor gentility. While she was hesitating and gaining time, a wandering merchant was driven by a thunder-storm to take shelter in the castle. Agatha was sent down to make some small purchases of him. The conversation which followed between the two is improbable, of course, for this is a French novel; but it is well told. She had taken the Baron's little daughter with her:—

"I fear I have nothing pretty enough for you, Madame la Baronne," said the merchant, civilly.

"I am not Madame de Colobrières," answered Agatha; "I am only her sister-in-law; it would be unbecoming in a young lady to wear so rich a dress."

"Oh! aunt, just this once, do make yourself smart," cried the little girl, *naïvement*; "that never happens to you, nor to the rest of us either."

"Living all the year round in the country, one does not want all these things," said Mademoiselle de Colobrières, hastily interrupting the child. But the perverse little girl, attracted by all the gay things the merchant kept spreading out before her eyes, chattered on:

"On the contrary, we want all these things very much; then Manon, the excise-man's daughter, won't hold her head up so at mass, when she passes before our seat in her cotton gown and head-dress à *papillon*. We should be dressed in new frocks like her; while now, every Saturday, we have got to patch up our Sunday clothes again."

A childish and simple feeling of pride made Agatha blush; and she silenced

* *Le Cadet de Colobrières*. Par Madame Ch. Reybaud. Paris: Hachette. (Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer.) London: Jeff. 1857.

the little girl with an air of confusion; but, repressing the feeling almost instantly, she pushed aside the boxes of silks, threw her slender purse upon the table, and said, with a mournful air of dignity, "We are not rich; that is all I can spend to-day."

"Never mind, Mademoiselle," said the merchant, quickly, "do me the honour to choose what suits you; you can pay later. I shall be here again a year hence."

"I shall not be here then," replied Mademoiselle de Colobrières, in a melancholy tone; "where I am going, trinkets and silk scarfs are not required; the black cloth gown lasts all the year round, and the veil is never changed."

"You are going into a convent, Mademoiselle?" said the merchant, with a repressed air of surprise and interest.

In turning over his wares, Agatha lights on a collection of engravings, most of them of joyous, or pastoral subjects. But among them is a dark picture of a pale wasted nun dying on her litter of straw in a damp dimly-lit monastic *cachette*. The suggestion embodies too vividly Agatha's terrors, and she bursts into tears. The merchant, Pierre Maragnon by name, looks at the picture, and comprehends what is passing in her mind:—

"You are going to take the veil, Mademoiselle? It is a terrible career, if you have no strong vocation. Forgive me for speculating on your concerns; but it seems to me you are sinning against yourself in thus burying yourself alive. You will one day, perhaps, regret it."

"Regret it! I do now!" cried Mademoiselle de Colobrières, whose long repressed feeling now burst forth. "A convent life revolts me, my future frightens me; but I must bend to my destiny."

"Your father or mother—do they insist on this sacrifice?"

"No! my parents are dead."

"Then who forces you?"

"Necessity," replied Agatha with bitterness. "For a maiden noble and poor, there is no refuge on earth but the convent; it is there that most of the women of our family have entombed themselves in the flower of their age. It is now long that the Colobrières, too poor to maintain their rank, have thus sacrificed us. Alas! why does not God, to whom we are reluctantly devoting ourselves, take us in our cradles before our innocent hearts have learnt to cling to the world?"

The interview lasts for many hours, and ends in Maragnon convincing Agatha that a bad marriage is better than a living tomb. Accordingly she runs away with him the next morning, and is married forthwith. This episode is anterior to the date of the story by about thirty years. Maragnon has died in the interval, and has left Agatha a rich widow with a single daughter of an interesting age. Agatha settles in the neighbourhood, with her daughter Eleonora; but the stern Baron refuses to see her. He never has forgiven, and he never will forgive, the unpardonable sin against blood. Eleonora, however, is allowed to come and see him, and to stay one night with him. The surprise of the luxurious *roturière* at the pinching poverty of her proud relations is very amusingly told. A violent friendship springs up between her and the last son and daughter out of fourteen who have filled the Baron's quiver, the rest have been swallowed up by the monastery or the army. But the Baron will not allow these two to visit his excommunicated sister in return; and so they are obliged to meet Eleonora in a romantic valley on the confines of the two properties. Eleonora brings a cousin with her, Dominique by name, which makes the *parti carré* perfect, and the consequences inevitable. The "respective parties," as our clergy phrase it, proceed to fall in love in a very regular manner, with murmurs and sighs, and humid eyes, and all the other apparatus of French sentiment. But a zealous servant spies them out, and reports their misdoings to the Baron, who, without the slightest hesitation, borrows a neighbour's horses, disentombs the ancestral coach from the ancestral coach-house, and packs his son and daughter off to Paris, with the intention of putting them into a convent, where, however wretched, they would at least be pure from the taint of a plebeian marriage. Ultimately the son—the Cadet de Colobrières—not fancying the prospect of becoming a mendicant friar, is safely shipped off to India. Meanwhile, on the Maragnon side, the parents and guardians had been nearly as perverse. They resolved on a marriage between Dominique and Eleonora—which resolution the two parties, though freely confessing to each other that they disliked it above everything, yet, with a docility apparently peculiar to the young people of France, prepared to obey.

And now we have reached that perfect entanglement, the solution of which is the skillful novelist's greatest triumph. The authoress has plunged her young couples into a hopeless slough of difficulties, and we are sitting prepared to admire the dexterity with which she shall pull them out. But it seems as if, just at this juncture, her publisher had sent word that she had all but exceeded the modest dimensions of the *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*. Up to this point the narrative is easy and even—there is no trace of hurry; but the last twenty pages are a perfect scramble. There are two couples crossed in love. The lady of one of them is in a nunnery—the gentleman of the other is half-way to India. The Maragnon family are hostile to the marriage on one side; and all the most inveterate prejudices of the Baron de Colobrières are against it on the other. And all this has to be set right in twenty pages. Nothing less than the French Revolution will serve as the *Deus ex machina* for such a knot as this. The suppression of convents restores to the world the heroine in the nunnery; the Jacquerie drives the Baron to take refuge with his excommunicated sister, and therefore, of necessity to forgive her; and the abolition of noblesse is made, very much against the testimony of history, to induce him to forget his lineage, and consent to a marriage between Dominique and his daughter. As for the Cadet de Colobrières, he remains in India for ten years—a period which Madame Reybaud, economical of her twenty pages, passes over with very

scanty notice. When that time is expired he returns, and finds Eleonora as unchanged as himself—a pattern of constancy worthy of the days of Amadis, but which the present degenerate race of wooers, like Greeks contemplating the bones of Orestes, can only look at and despair.

The incidents are slender enough, and the main *dramatis persona* scarcely exceed half a dozen—there is no attempt to supply an artificial excitement, by the expedients which have given to French novels an evil fame—and yet the tale is never tame-spirited or dull. There is a picturesqueness in the descriptions, an easy sparkling style, and, above all, a constant though subdued vein of satire, which keeps the interest from ever flagging—except, perhaps, in those rigorously minute descriptions of young ladies' dresses in which all French authors revel, but which in England could only be furnished by an apprentice to a dress-maker. On the whole, however, the book is a very charming one; and in its purity and sprightliness worthily supports the fame of the very creditable series to which it belongs.

SONGS OF THE PEASANTRY.*

MR. BELL has just produced what is certainly one of the most curious volumes of his series, and will probably be the most popular. In one form or another, indeed, the ballads and songs of the peasantry are more or less known to us; but a collection was still wanted which should give its version more accurately than oral tradition, and in a more popular form than antiquarian volumes. The contents of the little work before us are of inestimable value. Sometimes they give us the rather trite, but healthy and characteristic, morality of the people. Sometimes they are pages out of history, in which knightly adventures or social struggles have been recast and fashioned anew for the multitude. Often, where they seem to be merely the songs of rustic merry-makings, or the glorification of village life, they really light up the habits of English classes during centuries in which a social history was unknown. It is ungrateful, perhaps, not to be contented when materials of such value have been presented to us. But Mr. Bell has shown such capacity in other volumes of his series for doing the work of an editor fully and well, that his shortcomings in the work before us cannot be passed over. It is fair to assume that he has a special knowledge of ballad literature and its sources; but he has calculated, it would seem, on greater knowledge on the part of his readers than they are likely generally to possess. He often mentions collections of the last century, in which the poems he prints have appeared before; but he scarcely ever refers to original sources, or to older forms in Latin or other languages. Clearly half his work is valueless, if we are not in a position to separate the story or idea in its simplest form from its English embodiment. And he has not attempted to point out the peculiar forms of legend or song which, for unchangeable reasons, are peculiar to certain local districts. And sometimes, where the verses tell their own tale to the careful student of antiquity, Mr. Bell has curiously omitted to gather up the gold that lies on the surface. His volume at present is a collection of quaint prettinesses; but it might, with a little labour, and scarcely any increase in bulk, have become a sterling addition to our national history.

A few instances will show what the present deficiencies are. In page 205 is given a Sussex song, with the title "The Farmer's Old Wife." It is the history of a shrew, who is turned out of hell because her temper is insupportable. Mr. Bell briefly says, that "she has an adventure somewhat resembling the hero's in the burlesque versions of Don Giovanni." It would surely have been more to the purpose to refer to Machiavel's little tale of *Belphegor*, where the idea is altogether the same, and the details very nearly so. And, no doubt, Machiavel, like Boccaccio, drew from the inexhaustible ribaldry of Provençal *fabliaux*. "The Young Man's Wish" is mentioned, at page 23, as one of a kind which was "very popular during the reign of Charles I., and frequently to be met with during the Interregnum and the reign of Charles II." This conjectural date is no doubt right; for "The Old Man's Wish," which is merely the spirited adaptation by a College Don of the older song, was written by Dr. Walter Pope in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Mr. Bell has printed it at page 240, but seems at a loss to name the author; and he does not point out the connexion between the two songs. The curious dialogues between Death and his victims, at pages 24, 29, and 33, might happily have been illustrated by a reference to the "disputations between the body and the soul," which are so common in early English poems and mediæval Latin. In all both, the real purport is the same; but the contrast between our spiritual and earthly natures takes, to later thought, the form of a question about their destinies. And this difference is certainly not accidental. It may rest on the advance from a period of abstract speculation to that of physical certainties; or it may mean that the struggles of actual life were more distressing to the Catholic, whose future was in the hands of the Church, than to the Protestant, who meets the future single-handed. All we know absolutely is, that a change of such generality must have its analogies in the great movements of the time. It falls within the province of an editor to ascertain it. And, lastly, the ballad of "King James I. and the Tinkler," in page 72, like its counterpart, "The King and the Countryman," at page 211, is one of

* *Ballads, Songs, &c., of the Peasantry*. Annotated Edition of the English Poets. By Robert Bell. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

a cycle which dwell with delight on the adventures of royalty among the poor. But other ballads of the same class, even if coarse and well known, should, for the sake of completeness, have been alluded to or given. Part of the story, if not the whole, is certainly older than the sixteenth century.

An instance of another kind, where Mr. Bell has failed to make the most of the materials that were actually before him, occurs at page 66. The ballad is entitled "Lord Delaware," and is as follows:—

In the Parliament House a great rout has been there,
Botwixt our good King and the Lord Delaware.
Says Lord Delaware to his Majesty full soon,
"Will it please you, my liege, to grant me a boon?"
"What's your boon," says the King, "now let me understand?"
"It's give me all the poor men we've starving in this land,
And, without delay, I'll hie me to Lincolnshire,
To sow hempen seed and flax seed, and hang them all there.
For, with hempen cord it's better to stop each poor man's breath,
Than with famine you should see your subjects starve to death."
Up starts a Dutch lord, who to Delaware did say,
"Thou deserves to be stabbed;" then he turned himself away;
"Thou deserves to be stabbed, and the dogs have shine ears,
For insulting our King in this Parliament of Peers."
Up sprang a Welsh lord, the Duke of Devonshire,
"In young Delaware's defence I'll fight this Dutch lord, my Sire,
For he is in the right, and I'll make it so appear;
Him I dare to single combat, for insulting Delaware."
A stage was soon erected, and to combat they went,
For to kill, or to be killed, it was either's full intent.
But the very first flourish when the heralds gave command,
The sword of brave Devonshire bent backwards on his hand;
In suspense he paused awhile, scanned his foe before he strake,
Then against the King's armour his bent sword he brake.
Then he sprang from the stage to a soldier in the ring,
Saying, "Lend your sword, that to an end this tragedy we bring:
Though he's fighting me in armour, while I am fighting bare,
Even more than this I'd venture for young Lord Delaware."
Leaping back on the stage, sword to buckler now resounds,
Till he left the Dutch lord a bleeding in his wounds.
This seeing, cries the King to his guards, without delay,
"Call Devonshire down, take the dead man away."
"No!" says brave Devonshire, "I've fought him as a man;
Since he's dead, I will keep the trophies I have won,
For he fought me in your armour, while I fought him bare,
And the same you must win back, my liege, if ever you them wear."

There is one other stanza, but it is only "one of those benedictory verses with which minstrels were, and still are, in the habit of concluding their songs." Mr. Bell surmises, from the circumstances of the combat, that the ballad belongs to an early date; and he suggests that we ought to read *De La Mare*, the champion of popular liberties and Speaker of the Good Parliament under Edward III., and that the duel is the one appointed between Bolingbroke and Hereford in the next reign. A part of his conjectures are probably right, but the song, upon minute examination, will tell pretty much its own story. It must belong to a time when judicial duels were recognised by law. This will give us from the eleventh to the end of the fourteenth century. The word Parliament does not occur till about 1240; and the contrast between the Parliament and the Parliament of Peers makes it probable that it belongs either to Edward I.'s time, when two distinct assemblies under those names existed, or to the reigns of Edward II. and Richard II., when councils of the great Peers frequently exercised a sort of regency. The metre chosen, however, is of rather later English; and this and the expression "my Sire" induce a belief that we have a translation from the Norman French before us. If so, probably the Dutch lord was the *Sieur d'Holland*—perhaps one of the *Holands* who were of kin to the Royal Family under Edward I. and Richard II. Whoever he was, he clearly fought as the King's "approver," after feudal law, as the sword is broken against the King's armour, and the armour is claimed by the conqueror. And the substitution of *Delamare* for *Delaware*, affords an easy solution for the difficulty why a third party interferes in the quarrel. *Delamare*, as a commoner, might petition, and we know did his duty boldly, but could not fight a Baron of the kingdom. The facts of Richard II.'s reign will now assist us to a probable conjecture. The first years of it were marked by great social distress among the peasantry, who were crushed but neither relieved nor silenced in the rising of Wat Tyler. Three years later, in 1384, a curious quarrel took place at court, the exact details of which are even now a mystery. The Duke of Lancaster is accused of treason by a friar, and offers to prove his innocence by wager of battle—the friar is murdered by Sir John Holand, to whose custody he has been entrusted—Lancaster's acquittal is forced upon the King by Gloucester and Buckingham, the heads of the popular party—and pardon is extended to Sir John Holand. Now, the facts of this seem to show that the King and Holand, his half-brother, were in league against the Duke; and Turner's only difficulty, that Holand was named by Lancaster as the person to whom the friar should be committed, really favours this supposition, as it is in accordance with the principles of feudal law that witnesses or criminals should be under the care of those who are directly interested in producing them. That Holand tried, by an infamous murder, to escape from the dangers he had conjured up, was of course not a thing to be expected. His honour demanded that he should be able to bring his witness into court and sustain his charge. With this view everything is easy. The ballad-writer has confounded the popular opposition of *Delamare* with that which grew up a little later among the nobles, and to which John of

Gaunt attached himself when his first plans for an independent party had failed. How much more natural the connexion of Lancaster with the title of "the Welsh Lord" is, than that of an imaginary Duke of Devonshire, whose peerage, Mr. Bell tells us, did not exist in any shape till 1618, need hardly be pointed out. And the danger to which Holand's intrigue evidently exposed him for some time, may perhaps have given currency to the report that he had really paid the penalty of his crime.

There is yet another point which deserves to be noticed. Every European nation has its peculiar form of ballad literature, and a careful criticism is easily able to distinguish one from another by the style and thought. The mere story is nothing. Wherever we go back, we can trace the legends and fairy tales of to-day through the most distant centuries and in every land, till at last we lose sight of them in the mists of antiquity. An examination of their abstract forms belongs of course to comparative mythology. But the variations which national taste introduces into the details and form of narrative require to be pointed out, if the songs of a mixed people like our own are ever to become available for historical purposes. Now, as ballads were handed down from father to son until oral tradition was superseded by writing, they stereotype, as it were, the respective points of culture which the different nationalities had reached before the peculiar civilization of letters was attained. And this, to the Celtic tribes, whose progress is almost purely intellectual, was a much more important epoch than to the German race generally, who grew up gradually working out an unwritten law, and developing the distinctive institutions of their various commonwealths. Any one who looks through the *Barzas Breiz* of Villemargné will scarcely fail to observe that the stories are given, not in one orderly composition, but in successive pictures, which the mind of the reader must unite to form a whole. Again, the dramatic form is extremely common—question and answer are made to tell their own tale. Both these characteristics may be found in some of the rude Slavonic songs which Erben has printed. But the skilful grouping of theatrical effects, the expression of sentiment in the form of narrative, and a sombre tinge of pathos which darkens all actual life with the shadow of death, are such invariable features of Celtic minstrelsy, and often so clearly marked, that the mother-country may be identified with certainty under any disguise. A good instance of this occurs at page 50, in the ballad of the "Three Knights." It is still popular, Mr. Bell tells us, in the West of England—in the parts, that is to say, where the population is still more British than Saxon—and he notices a word in which it seems as if the French *mettre* has been clumsily rendered by "meet." Whether the poem, therefore, was Welsh or Breton originally, it would be difficult to decide; very probably it has existed in several languages. But all who read it ought to know that it is not in any sense an expression of Anglo-Saxon sentiment or art.

Mr. Bell will probably be called upon to publish a second edition of his little volume. He will surely be doing good service to literature, if he does not confine himself to the mere collection of scattered fragments of poetry. He has much still to add, even in this way. For instance, the beautiful "Christmas Song" which Hone has preserved, should surely find a place with its fellows of May-day and Harvest-home. But, above all, it is quite necessary that he should attempt to separate what is old, or national, or true, from the common sources of all legend, and from modern embellishments—otherwise the fruit of his labours will assuredly be reaped by other hands.

ERRORS IN STYLE.*

THE purchaser of Mr. Breen's book must not expect to find the contents correspond with the title. In a work on *Modern English Literature, its Blemishes and Defects*, he might naturally look for some attempt to analyse the character of the art of composition at the present day, to indicate its faults and deficiencies, and to trace them to causes peculiar to modern conditions of life and habits of thought. With the exception, however, of a short and rather jejune chapter on criticism, and a number of examples of plagiarisms, the present work confines itself to errors and defects in composition, and to those blunders which occupy a sort of debateable ground between confusion of thought and slovenliness of expression. Moreover, in treating of the prevailing mistakes in style, Mr. Breen makes no attempt to account for their comparative frequency, or to explain their nature by any reference to the broader science of language which underlies the rules of grammarians. His book is simply a collection of instances of errors from modern authors, and possesses a certain practical usefulness in furnishing a warning list of the grammatical slips into which hasty writers are liable to be betrayed. The faults are almost all of them such as every schoolboy knows to be faults—the novelty lies in proving, by actual quotation, their occurrence in writers of approved reputation. Junius, Gibbon, Southey, Landor, Macaulay, Latham, Carlyle, Trench, are all laid under contribution. Sir Archibald Alison's works are, however, the great mine of error, and have been unsparingly resorted to. His name adorns every page, and yields an instance in point to every solecism mentioned. We can well understand the temptation of having recourse to so abundant a treasury of examples of bad grammar and vitiated style; but Mr. Breen is

* *Modern English Literature; its Blemishes and Defects.* By Henry H. Breen, Esq., F.S.A. London: Longmans. 1857.

scarcely justified in treating citations from this source as among examples of blemishes in writers of "acknowledged reputation." A writer of histories for the million Sir Archibald Alison undoubtedly is; but we are not aware that he has ever been admitted by competent judges to possess mastery over the art of writing in the English language. Moreover, though he may be made useful as the "awful example" of grammatical blunders, it is scarcely worth while to devote so much time as Mr. Breen has done to his mannerisms. It is surely some waste of space to occupy page after page with above one hundred quotations in order to convict him of an ungraceful repetition of the same word within narrow limits.

So sensitive is the critic to this failing, that he will not allow Mr. Macaulay, in mentioning the late Lord Holland, to speak of the "magnanimous credulity of his mind." It is certain, however, that an over anxiety to avoid this particular blemish often leads to a loss of exactness and perspicuity. Mr. Breen himself may furnish an instance in point. He says in his preface:—

Correctness, however, like other merits in a writer, has its relative value. In some it is the chief recommendation—in others its absence is the principal defect. *Correctness* is not necessary to constitute a great writer—*inaccuracy* is sufficient to disparage the greatest.

Here, for the sake of avoiding a repetition, he sacrifices force and definiteness; and instead of contrasting "incorrectness" with correctness, he substitutes "inaccuracy." But inaccuracy is not the same thing as incorrectness. We use correctness in speaking of the manner of a man's writing, and accuracy in speaking of his matter, or of the exactness with which his words convey his thought. It is just possible, indeed, that Mr. Breen means what he says—that a great writer may sometimes dispense with correctness of style, but that the greatest cannot be inaccurate in his matter without disparagement. But the drift of his thought forbids this explanation—or, if it be the true one, exposes him to the charge of hastily and *malapropos* dragging in a new thought. At any rate, the meaning is not beyond dispute.

Mr. Breen falls into more than one of the errors he stigmatizes, and it is fair to criticise him with any degree of rigour and minuteness, for he is unsparing to others, and never thinks he has done his duty unless he triumphs over an author after convicting him. He often strains a sentence to make it yield the error he is looking for, and is sometimes entirely mistaken in his supposed discovery. He has a microscopic eye for purely grammatical errors, and handles them briefly, pointedly, and correctly; but his discrimination fails him as soon as he meddles with any point which requires a delicate apprehension of the finer meanings of language, or, indeed, which carries him at all beyond the authority of rules and fixed custom. The distinguishing excellence of the English language lies in the almost complete absence of true synonyms. We have an enormously rich vocabulary, and scarcely two words which are not distinguishable by some nicety in their meaning. We can express more shades of difference than any other people—while, on the other hand, the meanings of different words are apt to fade insensibly one into another; and this absence of marked, restricted, and unvarying application makes it difficult to employ the language for the purposes of science. We can characterize with delicacy, but we cannot define briefly. A man who thinks deeply and discriminates finely possesses in the English language perhaps the best of all attainable instruments of expression; but he cannot render his thoughts with accuracy in few words. A sharp, hard intellect is impatient of the less obvious distinctions with which the other occupies himself, and charges with redundancy the language he employs. Grammarians—by which we mean adepts in grammar, not students of language—are apt to be very hard upon the use of "synonymous or redundant terms;" and Mr. Breen has collected a variety of examples of this failing. Some of these are just enough, as where Alison is quoted, writing of the "superficial surface of Switzerland." Others, however, are cases in which the meaning really gains a certain degree of fulness and force from what is no doubt, grammatically speaking, a redundancy—as when Sydney Smith writes "Why should Dr. Parr *confine* the Eulogomania to the literary character of this island *alone*?" Examples there are, too, in which the phrase cited as erroneous is a correct one, and the so-called redundancy necessary to convey a distinction of meaning. Among Mr. Breen's instances "at once palpable and ludicrous," Sheridan is quoted, writing—

The chief mistakes made by the Irish in pronouncing English lie, for the most part, in the sounds of the two first vowels *a* and *e*.—SHERIDAN. *Dictionary*.

Sheridan's full meaning would be lost if either of his limitations were omitted. Strike out for "the most part," and he says that the whole class of chief mistakes consists in the mistaken pronunciation of these vowels. Strike out "chief," and you lose the idea that there is a distinct class of mistakes more important than the others, in which class the particular case occupies an important position. Some grammarians, who have a passion for limiting the use of words to their narrowest meaning, would tell us there can be only *one* "chief" thing. Again, Alison is right in saying "those *most entirely* in his confidence were not aware of what he intended." "Entirely," and many similar words, are constantly used in English in something lower than their full etymological sense, and much of their usefulness would be sacrificed by a pedantic limitation of their application. The following extract will serve as another example of

Mr. Breen's constant want of civility, and occasional failure in discrimination:—

Looking at the numerous blunders, both in English and French, which have been cited from Isaac Disraeli, the reader will not be surprised to learn that Latin and Greek come in for a share of ill-usage at his hands. Indeed, it is a question with me whether he possessed any knowledge whatsoever of those languages. He quotes from them occasionally, as any one may do who will be at the trouble of copying; but when he has to deal with expressions adopted or derived from them, the manner in which he couples with such expressions adjectives of the same import, plainly shows that he is unacquainted with their meaning or derivation. A few short examples will illustrate this:—

"These appear trifling minutiae."—*Curiosities of Literature*.

"He explained to her the mysteries of the arcana of alchemy."—*Ibid.*

"These battles of logomachy, in which so much ink has been spilt."—*Quarrels of Authors*.

The writer who penned such sentences could not be aware that "minutiae" is a Latin word, and means "trifles;" that "arcana" is in the same category, and means "secrets" "mysteries;" and that "logomachy" is derived from the Greek, and includes in its signification, "to battle," or "to dispute."

If we are surprised to meet, in Disraeli, with an expression so palpably tautological as "trifling minutiae," what are we to think of a writer of the ability and ripe scholarship of Archbishop Whately, who has the same fault in the following sentence:—

"Some writers have confined their attention to trifling minutiae of style."—*Introduction to Rhetoric*.

These are certainly rather slight grounds from which to infer an author's absolute ignorance of the Greek and Latin languages. We apprehend all these sentences are defensible, and the two first strictly correct. "*Minutiae*" means "smallness," and though smallnesses are near akin to trifles, we use in English the adopted word "minutiae" with reference rather to smallness of size than smallness of importance, which last is the sense in which we employ "trifling." Mr. Breen deals with the minutiae of verbal criticism; but he argues, and might state, unless withheld by fear of his own animadversions, that these minutiae are important. In no sense could he say that trifles are important. Again, *arcana* means primarily, "shut up," "hidden," "secret" things, and to translate it in the present case in its secondary sense, of mysteries, is simply an arbitrary arrangement to convict Mr. Disraeli of tautology. Again, *logomachy* may very fairly be used in the sense of word-contention, and, indeed, we more commonly apply it to this than to a single word-battle.

The following passage contains a very unfounded sneer at an author whose contributions to the study of our language might, one would think, have elicited some word of appreciation from a labourer in the same field:—

"The separation did not take place till after the language had attained the ripeness of maturity."—TRENCH. *English, Past and Present*.

As we improve in the "study of words," perhaps some future Trench may be able to point out the difference between "ripeness" and "maturity." According to our "English, Past and Present," these words are as perfectly synonymous as any two in the language.

Without awaiting the revelations of the future, we have no doubt that Mr. Macaulay's favourite fifth-form boy would be able to point out substantial distinctions between these two words. "Ripe" is primarily applicable to fruits alone, and it is only by metaphor we use it of other things. "Mature" we use rather of full growth and capacity, and the word does not carry with it those ideas of fulness, richness, and mellowness which hang about the other adjective. The phrase "ripeness of maturity" is, perhaps, not entirely defensible; still, under some looseness of expression, it carries with it the definite idea that the maturity which the language attained was one which embodied that fulness and richness, the idea of which we attach to the word "ripeness."

Mr. Breen has a chapter on modern criticism, in which he rather scolds, than discusses it:—

The fact is, honest, impartial criticism is almost unknown in our day. The system itself is radically vicious: authors, and not works, are reviewed; and for one instance that may be quoted of fairness and impartiality, fifty examples of injustice are everywhere apparent. Nay more, a review or journal which should depart from the common practice, and set out with the determination to steer a straightforward course, would soon find to its cost that honesty is not the best policy; and that, to insure an ordinary share of subscribers, it must compete with its contemporaries in partiality and cant. Whenever a new work of any mark makes its appearance, the few journals that are unconnected with politics will proceed at once to review it; and, in general, you may rely on the correctness of their decisions. Not so the political journals: these, for the most part, reserve their fire till primed by the author or his friends. If the work possesses uncommon merit, it will force itself into notice despite their silence; but if it is a work of average ability, a work, in fact, which, from its very character, stands most in need of a helping hand and a fair measure of critical justice, it is either consigned to oblivion or "damned with faint praise."

Neither would the practice of affixing the writer's name, as recommended by Sir Bulwer Lytton, be attended with unalloyed good. Many of the evils of the present system would still prevail, and others, now unknown, would be introduced. Look at any of the remarkable critiques that have been published with the writer's name: what do you find? In every instance great ability, an appreciation of certain beauties, an eye for certain defects, much erudition and research. But the partiality in one case, the personal antipathy in another, the political bias in a third, the want of discrimination in some, the exaggeration of excellences or defects by all, are conspicuous throughout. In almost every instance the reviewer seems to be prompted by a vulgar desire to gratify his partiality or dislike, rather than by the commendable wish to do justice to the author, or to instruct the public taste. This is a deplorable state of things, and the true cause of it is to be found in the prevalence of dishonesty and cant, and not in the publication or concealment of the critic's name. Criticism, in fact, has become a trade, and so long as that lasts, partiality and injustice will be persevered in, whether the critic's name is given or withheld.

Before criticism became a trade, there was some sincerity about it; but of late years it has, like everything else, put on the semblances of cant.

Criticism is, no doubt, to a great extent, a trade, but it is not peculiar in this respect. Political commentary is yet more so, and a great portion of modern writing has its origin simply in the desire to obtain remuneration for it. It must be admitted that the ease with which, at the present day, money may be made by contributing to periodical literature, leads to a great deal of hasty and ignorant writing; but it is not true, we think, that modern criticism, feeble as it often is, is disgraced by any large amount of dishonesty and injustice. To expect every country newspaper to provide its readers with just and original criticisms in literature, or to require that the writings of men shall be unaffected by their political partialities and personal prejudices, is to make too heavy a demand on human nature. The most formidable enemy of just criticism is literary cliquism. After a man has pursued periodical writing for a certain length of time, he contracts intimacies with a literary circle, more or less extensive, and it is not easy for him always to speak exactly what he thinks, still less to preserve an unbiassed judgment; and the chief thing that warps printed opinions on books is not malevolence, or conscious partiality, but a dislike to speak unpalatable truths of one's friends and acquaintance. Trade and free-trade in criticism is opposed, in the main, to this source of injustice. When good writing is bought in the market, irrespective of its origin, new and unconnected men find a voice, the opinions of any particular mind are more diffused, and a newspaper or review finds it easier to obtain new blood, and to afford its readers something more than the ever-recurring opinions of one small knot of writers. Mr. Breen not only requires critics to be purged from human prejudice—he would have them always right; and he seems to think we may fairly expect this of them. Nay, he insists they ought all to agree in their judgments. He quotes Hazlitt's and Wilson's contradictory criticisms on a number of our poets, and cries out—"These are a few samples of modern criticism. Among such a heap of contradictions, how is it possible to form a correct idea of the merits of an author?" We, on the other hand, should say such contradictions are just the materials to assist a man to form a correct idea. All that modern criticism professes to do, and all that any criticism can do, to be of service, is to submit to the judgment of other minds the impressions produced by a book upon one more or less specially qualified to deal with it. We find interest and derive knowledge from learning how a given subject strikes minds differing from our own. As in many other things, the advantage lies more in the seeking than in the thing sought; and to suppose that what readers want is "a correct idea of the merits of the author," and that critics can possibly supply them with this ready made, is, to say the least of it, a very shallow and false idea of the functions of criticism.

The present work concludes with a chapter on Plagiarisms, and one on Literary Impostures. We wish the latter had occupied the room of both. A history of the impostures which have been practised in literature would prove both useful and interesting; and we are indebted to Mr. Breen for the few hints he has furnished on the subject. As to plagiarism-hunting, we have always thought it one of the least remunerative pursuits in which knowledge and industry can spend themselves. It is astonishing, however, how far it may beguile a man, and how early an enthusiast loses the power of distinguishing between coincidences of thought and plagiarism. There are very few of the more commonly-cited plagiarisms of brief thoughts and expressions which may not have been the result of independent creation; and as long as this is the case, every writer is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. But the pleasures of detraction are great; and there are some critics who would scarcely scruple to accuse an author of borrowing his conjunctions. Mr. Breen lays down clearly and sensibly enough the limitations which should be observed in preferring a charge of literary theft; but he is not very careful to remain true to his theory; and though many of his instances are curious, and carry conviction with them, others are illusive and puerile. Once or twice he confounds two very distinct ideas, and declares that one is copied from the other. Thus he tells us—

To Milton, Gray is indebted for another of his beautiful images. The former, speaking of the Deity, says—

"Dark with excessive light thy skirts appear."

And Gray, with true poetic feeling has applied this image to Milton himself, in those forceful lines in the "Progress of Poesy," in which he alludes to the poet's blindness—

"The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

Shelley has imitated this in the following lines in "Julian and Maddalo"—

"The sense that he was greater than his kind
Had struck, methinks, his eagle spirit blind,
By gazing on its own exceeding light."

But Milton's is a light so excessive as to seem dark. Gray's is merely a light in excess of what human eyes can endure—a thought so natural and easy that it has become one of the commonplaces of poetry. Shelley's lines, on the other hand, have the very special and characteristic thought of a spirit being struck blind by gazing on its own "exceeding light." Important and disgraceful examples of plagiarism lie, not in the (often unconscious) borrowing of the stray thoughts and expressions of others, but in adopting, without acknowledgment, whole bodies of thought under circumstances of coincidence which make it clear that the robbery was

deliberately planned. The grossest as well as the most familiar modern instance of such a plagiarism is furnished by the mode in which Sir E. L. Bulwer has sand-papered and varnished the characters in *Tristram Shandy* into the family group of the *Cartons*.

We are not at all disposed to differ from Mr. Breen as to the value of good grammar and correct expression; and his book is certainly not without its use. But he cannot be said to have done justice to his subject. It is treated narrowly, and in a spirit unnecessarily carping and dogmatic.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.*

IN economical households there is a dish called a Saturday-pie. This is composed of all the edible scraps in the kitchen which have accumulated during the week, eked out with a few onions and other savoury herbs, salted and spiced according to the taste of the eaters, or rather of the cook. After much thought, nothing occurs to us which gives so good an idea of the two volumes before us as this effort of culinary art. To call the *Sister of Charity* a novel would be absurd—to consider it as a set of essays on politics would be difficult—to understand its views on art is impossible. What its object could be, seeing that it was apparently neither amusement nor instruction, was for some time a mystery to us, till we hit on the pie theory, and felt we had discovered the truth. Mrs. Chalice evidently has a commonplace book, is a diligent reader of the newspapers, has some acquaintance with the works of Carlyle and Mrs. Radcliffe, had the pleasure of knowing Sir William Molesworth, and possesses certain ideas of her own on theology and art. All these circumstances and acquirements she, being of an economical turn of mind, determined to work up in some advantageous and saleable manner; and the result of that determination is the work before us. Like its antitype, the pie, it is remarkable rather for the financial excellence of the conception which produced it than for its own intrinsic merits; but one cannot hope for perfection in this world. Of one great source of pleasure and interest—variety—we certainly have enough, both in character and choice of subject. We begin with scenes in Bermondsey, suggestive of the need of sanitary reform and extra-mural interment. We are then taken to Cornwall, where we have a lovely village and frowning feudal castle, with ghosts, &c., in the *Mysteries of Udolpho* style. On our return to London, we are favoured with glimpses of the fashionable world and Belgravia. We afterwards pass lightly over Australia, the gold-diggings, New Zealand, Polynesia, Italy, its past, present, and future, Pitcairn's Island, the Crimea, Constantinople, and Corfu—finally making our way back through Bermondsey and Belgravia to Cornwall, where we are left to repose our wearied limbs in peace. During these travels we are entertained with the most tremendous conversations, or rather disquisitions, on art, politics, religion, and metaphysics. As to characters, we have a charming heiress, an artist genius, a misanthropic baronet, an agreeable old French *marquise* a dashing guardsman, a dark villain of the melodramatic school, certain accomplices of his in low life, a duchess (perfect, of course), her duke, various celebrities of real life, a quaint doctor, a young beauty, an amiable duenna, a Christian clergyman, together with soldiers, dowagers, demoiselles, M.P.'s, thieves, virtuous peasants, miners, dressmakers, Cabinet Ministers, Italian actresses, and many others. The one class of persons who seem to be forgotten is, curiously enough, that of Sisters of Charity. These good ladies are only mentioned in the title-page, and twice in a most cursory manner in the body of the work—first as being useful in Bermondsey, and secondly, as members of the body of nurses sent to the Crimea in the Russian war. It is obvious that to give anything like an adequate idea of this most erratic work would be a very difficult task; but it is impossible for any person of common humanity not to wish to spare others the intense weariness of wading through these dreary pages, by giving them something of a summary of their contents.

A widow lady and her son, Eustace Neville by name, take lodgings in a Cornish village, and are intimate with the clergyman of the parish, Mr. Lyle, and his son and daughter. The father of Eustace had been an artist and a good man, if we rightly construe the somewhat involved sentence which we quote:—"And the boy knew and loved, as children, and even dogs, somehow will know and love in the case of a good man (or *vice versa*), that this father of his was excellence embodied." Eustace is also an artist, and goes about sketching. In one of his rambles he sees a young lady on a runaway horse fall into a river, and saves her, *en preux chevalier*, from a watery grave. She turns out to be the niece and heiress of a misanthropic old baronet, the squire of the place, living in a castle near, which no stranger ever enters. However, on this occasion, Sir Richard Lester desires to see and thank the preserver of his niece, and begs him to call on him—which Eustace, as soon as he recovers from a bad cold, the natural but not romantic consequence of his wetting, does. He walks up through the park under the "increasing masses of shadow cast by the umbrageous trees," and reaches the castle. He is conducted to the presence of Sir Richard, passing through the picture gallery—from a remark on which we gather that the ladies of this family were strong-minded women,

* *The Sister of Charity; or, from Bermondsey to Belgravia.* By Mrs. Chalice. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1857.

for we are told that "in the fairer portraits could be read the tale of an educated emancipation." Sir Richard and Eustace have a long conversation, in which the former abuses women and religion, and the latter praises them, and then retires, shaking hands with Miss Beatrice, who is waiting in the hall to thank him as he goes home.

After some years, Mrs. Neville and Mr. Lyle both die. Amy and Charles Lyle and Eustace Neville are then brought to London, and made to take lodgings in Bermondsey, in order to introduce sanitary questions, the evils of burying people in towns, and the cholera, of which Charles dies. The other two, setting convention aside, live on together, and sell their pictures (for Amy paints too) to a pawnbroker for food. At length Eustace gets a promise of a colonial appointment, and wishes to go—only what is to become of Amy? The simple expedient of marrying her and taking her with him does not seem to occur to him; so he is rather at his wits' end, when in walks a lady, who turns out to be Miss Lester, who had heard of them through a benevolent doctor, and offers to take charge of Amy. Sir Richard being dead, she has got the estates, and does all manner of good there, as well as in London, besides being beautiful, accomplished, and wonderfully clever. The departure of Eustace is only delayed a few days to give time for some long and very unintelligible conversations between him and Miss Lester on all sorts of transcendental subjects, and a description of the church clocks of London striking, from which we are tempted to extract the following sentence:—"Another church announces the advent of a new day; then the echo is caught up by others, in every ecclesiastical tone of the universal language, until the air is filled with notes of hope and warning." Amy then takes up her residence in the house of the heiress, whose door is opened by "a respectable quiet man, without a shade of the hypocrisy of his class on his countenance"—evidently quite a treasure of a butler. There, in company with Miss Lester and Mrs. Seymour, her old governess—who, as we are poetically told, "had performed the hallowed part of mother to the interesting being at her side"—she might have been happy, but for her hopeless love for Eustace, which is shared by the brilliant heiress. That lady soon discovers this fact, and magnanimously resolves (without any consideration for the gentleman's feelings in the matter) to give him to his first friend, and spend her life in making them both happy. The scene now changes to the fashionable world, and we are dazzled with rank, wit, and beauty. At least, we are introduced to the Duchess of Ayrton, who wears "a rather close fitting dress" on her "exquisite figure," and "very delicate gloves," and talks a great deal to Beatrice on the duty of making a good match—also to Captain Villars, a fast young guardsman, who lectures against lord-worship in a way which arouses a strong suspicion that Mrs. Chalice is not quite free from that prevalent English heresy. Moreover, we go to a ball in Belgrave-square, where we meet Sir William Mornington, in whose personal description we vaguely detect a wish to represent a late Cabinet Minister. The villain of the piece here makes his first appearance, under the name of Major Percival. He makes love to Beatrice, by discussing Italian politics with her. At the end of the season, Amy Lyle goes back to Cornwall with Mrs. Seymour, and Beatrice goes to stay with a friend at Richmond. Long letters come from time to time from Eustace, in order to introduce accounts of the state of Australia, speculations on the discovery of gold there, and remarks on the Bishop of New Zealand and the Canterbury settlement. At the Richmond Villa, Major Percival is staying. He is thus described:—

His perfect figure, his soldierlike ease, and the quiet but commanding grace with which he managed the thorough-bred but fiery animal which he rode, were incomparable and unexceptionable as his costume, and the handsome profile so clearly defined by his well-shaped hat. Now a man's hat of the present incongruous century, is one of the most ugly and foolish things it can boast, save and except the schemes and brains it very often covers. Being, therefore, unshapely and useless—a thing to which only custom familiarizes us, an appendage fit only to provoke the laughter of the uninitiated, it is the proof of great taste, it is the triumph of mind over a very ridiculous matter, when it really affects the air of a graceful and useful ornament. Infer, therefore, so far favourably of the wearer, when told that the Major's hat was admirable.

However, in spite of his admirable hat, his long speeches about India and Mazzini, and his compliments to Miss Lester on her *individuality*, whatever that may be, she cannot endure him; and in this she shows great penetration, for the Major is a great scamp, and is in league with others to steal part of her title-deeds. An old French *marquise*, who is staying there too, agrees with her in her antipathy; and her opinion is important, for she is apparently gifted with second sight—at least we conclude so from the following passage:—

Then she prophesied how the belle France would succumb for a time to a miserable necessity—"but not yet the last page," she would add, "*Vous verrez*." The ancient Marquise did not say "*Nous verrons*," because she knew that, in the course of nature, she must soon pass from the stage whereon she had played a conspicuous part, "but in the which she had never seen the thing more strange than the *Now*;" so in her prophetic and political visions she was wont to warn Beatrice of what was to come; but as this is not a book on French politics, her prescience need not be here recorded.

We may notice, by the way, that the declaration contained above on French politics does not save us from several pages on that subject, in one of which Beatrice lets fall the following oracular utterance:—"Yet even acts of Parliamentary permanence must emanate from the pure." After another year spent in these and the like conversations in London and Cornwall, Miss Lester summons Eustace from the Antipodes, to receive a

Colonial appointment, and marry Amy. She beguiles the time till he comes by telling that young person certain passages of her own family history concerning her misanthropic uncle, which she was under a vow to keep secret till the year in question, for the following reason:—

"Your uncle," answered Mrs. Seymour, "believed in the pre-existence of souls, and in temporary punishment after death. I think, that by some mystic impression, or calculation, he imagined that at this time, the purgatorial decree would be fulfilled."

It appears that the gentleman had loved and married an Italian actress, who had subsequently run away from him, and only returned to him to die in awful madness. She left one son, who turned out very ill, and was forced to leave the country. His father had since heard of his death, and so his niece Beatrice, became his heiress.

Eustace appears in course of time, and takes his appointment, but being soon disgusted with "red tape," throws it up, and goes back to his painting—which is interrupted by an illness brought on by his hopeless attachment to Miss Lester. However, he recovers, both physically and mentally; and "just at this unfrequent and very enviable juncture, his uncle (I call him that, because it is so tiresome to get tangled any farther in genealogical twigs) in Australia, died, and left him an ample fortune." The reflections which follow the announcement of the decease of this convenient impromptu relative are so very delightful, that we cannot resist quoting them:—

Eustace Neville had never courted or caressed this official parental paragon; on the contrary, he had run away from him and his colony with a Bishop who, as Beatrice Lester asserted, swam without his lawn sleeves across a gushing primeval stream. And here, in London, all of a sudden, he was hailed as his heir!

Is it possible that the official had heard of this young connexion having conquered the world? Is it possible that because its routine had included the artist in its choicest circle, that therefore he, the dying official, felt bound by every bond of virtue to acknowledge and support its decree? Very probably. There are many such machines who grind their own flesh, blood, and bones, until opinion opportunely steps to the rescue, and then,—behold!—drops the balmily oil from nature's official hands to bind up the wounds, which had been only inflicted, forsooth, for the poor dear sufferer's advantage! If the man be without honour in the house of kith or kin, let others welcome him, and only see, what next and next?

Well—Eustace Neville looked at his sleek and accommodating banker's book and smiled, as he profanely threw it down beside his easel. If something like sarcasm lurked in that smile, the social sinner must be forgiven, for again he thought of the unforeseen fate of hoarded wealth, and the golden sureties of success in the crafts and crucible of his charity.

Mr. Neville, on this accession of wealth, marries Amy, and they are very happy. Our friend Beatrice now discovers that her unprincipled lover, Major Percival, is no other than her cousin Richard Lester—that only son of her uncle who had been so long ago supposed to be dead. Of course she gives up the property to him, but refuses to be his wife, as he wishes, being finally disgusted with him by his behaviour to a poor girl whose heart he had broken, and whose last words are thus given:—

"Ah! my sweet—my precious darling—I come—I come. Oh! stay for me; stay for dear—dear—mother, who loves you so—so. Yes, I see the light, and—the flowers; ah! you shall have them, my sweet, my babe, my only—only one. Hark! the music! I—I hear it. Smile—ah! so—so. Smile! what joy! what—oh! my blessed boy—my angel. I come. Angel!"

Every one has his own idea of pathos. That of Mrs. Chalice appears to consist in dividing syllables by hyphens, and in repeating the smaller words twice over, like a postman's knock.

Her money being now gone, and the Russian war having conveniently broken out, Miss Lester resolves to join the band of nurses going out to Scutari—which resolution brings forward the idea of Sisters of Charity, and gives room for a touching parting scene between her and her friend, the Duchess with delicate gloves. We now enter the Crimean hospitals, and are introduced to various military characters as we accompany Miss Lester up and down through their crowded wards. After some little time spent there, she is summoned to Corfu to attend the dying bed of Mrs. Neville, *née* Amy Lyle, and to comfort her disconsolate husband. The story closes with the taking of Sebastopol, the murder of Sir Richard Lester by one of his old accomplices in crime, the marriage of Beatrice and Eustace Neville, and some profound reflections on Labour and Capital, Administrative Reform, and the like.

Such is a faint outline of the *Sister of Charity*. We can only trust that Mrs. Chalice, having now disengaged her memory and her common-place book of their multifarious contents, will in future write less ambitiously and more intelligibly.

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